GOING TO JERUSALEM

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

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Jesus began "going to Jerusalem" when He was only twelve years old. How we wish that we could know what especial questions He asked of those venerable scholars in the Temple which led Him to say to His mother, three days later: "I must be about my Father's business!"

GOING TO JERUSALEM

By

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

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FOREWORD

In this delightful book, *Going to Jerusalem*, Miss Applegarth has led the Juniors down through the ages, pointing out in her vivid fashion the coming of Christ into all the world through His disciples as He planned.

For those who have not studied recently the history of missions beginning at Jerusalem, this book furnishes a delightful reminder. For boys and girls who have never known through their study of modern missions just how they have been made possible and the heroism of those who through the centuries have gone to tell the story of Christ's love, this book is essential.

We recommend it not only for study in Junior Societies but in all groups of boys and girls from ten to fourteen years of age. They will enjoy the stories and learn much from the pictures. We have not had such an historical book. It is time that our Junior leaders presented such a course.

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When the Feast of the Passover was kept every year there would be vast throngs of people "going to Jerusalem"—camping by night under the full moon, singing as they walked, whole neighborhoods going together as a protection against robbers.

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An endless line of splendor,
These troops with heaven for home!
With creeds they go from Scotland,
With incense go from Rome.
These in the name of Jesus
Against the dark gods stand;
They gird the earth with valor,
They heed the King's command.

Onward the line advances,
Shaking the hills with power;
Swaying the hidden demons,
The lions that devour.
No bloodshed in the wrestling,
But souls, newborn, arise;
The nations growing kinder,
The child heart growing wise.

What is the final ending?
The issue, can we know?
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?
Will Kali's altars go?
This is our faith tremendous,
Our wild hope who shall scorn?
That in the name of Jesus
The world shall be reborn.

—*Vachel Lindsay*

CHAPTER I

Beginning at Jerusalem

THE world has been full of boys, always; and mothers have worried over them and pondered about them, always; yet only one Boy has said something when He was just twelve years old which the whole world has been quoting ever since. It happened on a day when the Boy's family was traveling homeward from a feast in a great city.

For weeks and weeks they had all been saying to one another in Nazareth, "Well, it won't be long now before we shall be going to Jerusalem." It was to be noticed that there was a special look in their eyes at those three magic words, for every year in the early springtime the Boy's parents had taken this journey, with their neighbors; but since it was an eighty-mile trip, and on foot, this was the first time He had been allowed to go. But now that He was twelve He was considered a "Son of the Law" and had put on the clothing of a man, which meant a great striped cloak of the size and shape of a Scotch plaid, upon each corner of which was a long blue tassel.

You are to picture that trip: a regular pilgrimage of neighbors dressed in bright colors, traveling to-

gether because there would be robbers all along the way. The chief men of the village went first with the village banner, and a cavalcade of donkeys and camels and people followed behind. I suppose the boys had little sticks to prod the donkeys; only the women rode. Every one sang glad songs to the music of timbrel, pipe, and drum as the procession wound down the Nazareth hills to the great valley below. Tents were pitched by the river Jordan the first night, Samaria being avoided because the Jews and Samaritans were enemies. They all slept in Jericho the next night; always having a merry time of it as they started briskly out in the cool of the fresh spring mornings, drinking out of gay little wayside brooks, resting at noon under drowsy palm trees, sleeping at night in tents silver-white under the full moon—for this feast of the Passover always came when the moon was full; and as for the pilgrim songs they sang, you can find these for yourselves any time in the book of Psalms, such as: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

And when the lovely hills of Jerusalem itself were visible, a great glad chorus of voices chanted joyfully:

"I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is built as a city
That is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

You can imagine how the Boy thrilled to the wonder of the familiar words as the full beauty of the unfamiliar Jerusalem greeted his eyes, set on its hills, with a high gray wall all about it, a tower of defense at every turn. Within that wall were crowded the white flat-roofed houses clinging to the terraced hillsides, up and up and up to the marble palaces of kings and priests and governors; and, above all, shone the beautiful temple, with its snowy colonnades and cloisters and pillars and arches of glistening marble, its roofs of gleaming gold.

"Jerusalem!" He said to Himself, as if it were too good to be true; and a little of the mystery of what life is must have come over Him right then, as it comes over each of us in that unexpected moment when our dreams come true.

Then came those days of days, packed to the brim with a hundred vivid thrills, when all Jerusalem kept open house and every home entertained pil-

grims. In the early morning the Boy climbed with His parents up to the temple courtyard; outside stood the foreigners gazing curiously within and reading the stone tablet which warned them of death if they ventured any further. But the Boy belonged to the Chosen People, and He went into the temple itself where—all eyes, all ears—He listened and watched as the solemn washings and burnings and chantings went on and on and on, with incense curling around the gorgeous temple curtains and with bells tinkling mysteriously as the unseen priests prepared for slaughter the special little yearling lamb which the Boy's father had given them.

After they had killed it, His mother roasted it upon a cross of pomegranate wood; and in an upper room, away from the noise and uproar, they ate their sacred meal in silence. Each part of the feast was a story: the bitter herbs a symbol of the bitterness of ancient Jewish slavery in Egypt; the paste of figs, the emblem of the mortar which ancient Jewish ancestors used when forced to make bricks for Egyptian pyramids centuries before; the silent lamb reminded them that redemption is always at the cost of life. They ate standing and in haste, as if fleeing from bondage, as the Jews had had to do so many years earlier. They offered the old prayers and sang the old songs, while a little more of the mystery of life came over the Boy. He was supposed to ask,

"What do you mean by these services?" so that His father might tell the well-known story again.

You know how there came a time in your own life when it seemed as if you had had an awakening. It was as if you had always been blind before. The terribly startling privilege of making your own life fell down over you almost like a cape. You loved it! The dear importance of being *you*. Of being a real person, with a job ahead. It was exactly that same way with the Boy. But of a dozen new impressions one thing stood out distinctly. All those days in Jerusalem He had been seeing strange sights: perhaps the shops along each narrow lane, filled with the treasures of various nations; perhaps He had been hearing the babbling tongues of twenty different nations in those shops and streets, so that His world had stretched out wider than just Nazareth, wider than just Jerusalem.

Then in the temple sat the priests and scholars in their brilliant robes, asking questions. And the Boy asked His. I wish I knew what they were—His questions! We only know they were so sensible that they astonished everybody present, and that He loved asking them so much that He forgot to start homeward with His family.

In the confusion of the pilgrimage they did not miss Him at first; they went through the city gate on their way to Jericho and had actually had supper

before either Mary or Joseph saw that the Boy was not there. Then they went around with torches asking their neighbors where He was; but nobody knew.

You can guess with what heavy hearts they started back toward Jerusalem, for Mary loved her Boy especially; because when a little King of Glory is entrusted to you to bring up, you do a great deal of anxious pondering about Him! How surprised Mary would have been if she could have known then that His answer to what she said to Him three days later, when she found Him still in the temple asking questions, was to be quoted the whole world around:

"*Why, Mother dear, do you not know that I must be about my Father's business?*"

For somehow, out of the wonder of Jerusalem with its many nations and its many answers to His many questions, had come the certainty of certainties: He could help God! He!

Surely, on the three days' walk homeward He thought and thought and thought; and, although He lived quietly at home for many a year after that, life was never quite the same——He grew older, stronger, wiser. And the neighbors loved Him.

After He became a man it seemed as if He were always going to Jerusalem.

It was in Jerusalem that He drove the money-changers out of the beautiful temple courtyard; it was in Jerusalem that He preached and was mis-

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This is merely a model of Solomon's Temple—but can't you picture how marvelous it must have looked when Jesus was "going to Jerusalem" that first time and saw it on top of a hill, the marble colonnades and towers all glistening white, the roofs and domes all gleaming gold?

understood by some and loved by others; it was in Jerusalem that He was arrested and tried and denied by one of His dearest friends and sentenced to death; it was in Jerusalem that He ate the "last supper" with these twelve friends of His, a supper we still celebrate in all our churches, using His very words; it was going to Jerusalem to that supper that He rode on a borrowed ass, with everybody shouting enthusiastically: "*Hallelujah! Hallelujah to Him who cometh in the name of the Lord!*" You would not have supposed such enthusiasm could turn to such hatred that only a few days later these same people would be shouting to Pilate, "*Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*" So that it was going out from Jerusalem that He staggered under the weight of the heavy cross, all the way down the Mount of Olives and up to the hill Golgotha. And as He died, the veil of the temple in Jerusalem was torn in half.

Just these few instances will remind you how many of the loveliest stories about Jesus centered in Jerusalem. And above all it was there that He appeared to certain astonished disciples after He had risen again, saying to them His very last words on earth—words even more memorable for us than those He had said when He was only twelve: "*Ye shall be witnesses unto me, beginning in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*"

There was a whole world of challenge wrapped up

in that one little startling sentence: "You are to be my witnesses, each of you! Moreover, you are to start right here in the town where you are, then branch out into your state, then further on into neighboring states even though you may be thinking of Samaria as an enemy country, and you are not to stop until you have circled the entire globe—on and on and on and on—telling everybody everywhere of my Father's love for them."

No more tremendous order has ever been given by any one, ever! Are you picturing it? One Man, so recently unpopular in Jerusalem that He had been crucified on a cross, commanding His friends to go into all the world with their story of His life; and those friends not preachers or teachers or writers or important persons in any way—just ordinary everyday fishermen and tax collectors. Oh, surely, He is expecting too much of them! Surely, He can't expect that they will actually *do it*—not go to the farthest corner of the globe; when they had no money! and no high position! and no particular learning! Why not have picked a few conspicuous people—a prince or two, a governor, a lawyer?

Yet He seemed to be perfectly certain that they could and would do it. And for a very special reason He could well feel certain! Because He had added, "Wait in Jerusalem until you receive power from on high."

Power!

You know what power is? Just picture a trolley car on its track; a perfectly good car inside and out, every seat well upholstered, clean windows, all the proper number of wheels hidden underneath, the necessary machinery up in front. But it isn't getting anywhere! It stands stock-still! You know as well as I do that it must lift its slender arm to the wire above until it receives—power. It comes flowing down into the car until it fairly quivers with it.

Some day, when you learn Greek, you will be amazed to find that the word "power" in the Greek New Testament is the very same as the word "dynamo." Any boy who knows anything about electricity knows what a storehouse of energy and power a dynamo can give, once you connect up with it. So that if that dynamo is God Himself, if He sends His own power down into eleven men, no matter how inconspicuous they may be, then surely they can rock the earth. . . .

And that is exactly what those eleven men did!

The only purpose of this little book is to prove it to you. How, inch by inch, and mile by mile, and country by country, they did indeed become Witnesses of the Lord Jesus until the map of our world bears the record of their exploits.

For they all waited in Jerusalem until the power suddenly came; they felt "charged" with it, all a-tingle and a-glow, on tiptoe to be at work some-

where—anywhere—everywhere. And so they started out eagerly to share with others their own discovery of God in Jesus Christ. For all any Witness has to do is to tell exactly what he has seen and experienced himself. After the four gospels, the Book of Acts and the entire New Testament is the flaming story of their great adventures in witnessing! They even went where formerly they would not have dreamed of going. For instance, Philip followed by Peter and John went to the neighboring Samaritans; and this was a real victory because every Jew grew up with a great grudge against every Samaritan. It was Philip also who baptized an unnamed African whom he chanced to meet on the road one day, the African in a chariot, he on foot. It was Peter who learned that "God is no respecter of persons" when he was called into Caesarea, for up until then he had thought this story of Jesus was to be for Jews only; but you will remember his vision of the sheet let down from heaven full of every kind of creeping thing—a great lesson for him to learn: that God created everybody everywhere.

It was Stephen who was stoned to death while bravely witnessing in Jerusalem. It was Saul who stood near by among these stone-throwers; but eventually God showed him his overwhelming mistake and he became one of the most tireless and successful of all the Witnesses, so that wherever he

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It was after "going to Jerusalem" for the last time that Jesus washed the disciples' dusty feet, and then had the Last Supper with them—saying the very words we use today when we have Communion, as He asked: "This do in remembrance of Me."

spent even one night he left a little group of persons who had caught from him the curious wonder and fascination of Jesus Christ.

Yet to many of us he is only a name in a book, not a living man at all! But he was so thrillingly alive and had the most exciting adventures. For he was not always popular, not always understood, not always wanted; he had no hankering after martyrdom and he escaped his enemies whenever escape was possible. In Damascus he was let down in a basket over the city wall; he escaped from enemies in Thessalonica at night. Yet the earthquake in Philippi upset his jailor, but not Paul, even though he was a prisoner. Mobs drove him out of Damascus, out of Jerusalem, out of Antioch in Pisidia, out of Iconium, out of Lystra, out of Philippi, out of Thessalonica, out of Berea, out of Athens; but he turned up in Corinth determined to go on with his work. He wrote in a letter to the Romans: "We triumph even in our troubles, knowing that trouble produces endurance, and endurance produces character."

It was in the city of Antioch that a very beautiful nickname was given to those who had begun to follow the Lord Jesus, because it was soon evident to their friends that they were *different:* there was an astonishing radiance in their faces; they were unselfish and considerate and did hard things gladly; they even endured misunderstandings and scorn quietly.

"They are Christ's men!" the people of Antioch said. And that nickname, "Christian," has clung to every follower of Jesus Christ from that day to this; an honor to bear!

It has never been an easy life, this one of being a Witness; you may remember Paul's own list of some of his hardships:

"*Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false breathren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.*"

Surely there was a "dynamo" in Paul! For those great proud cities where he went were so sure of themselves, what could this little unknown man have to tell *them*? this man who earned his daily bread by making tents? whose fingers were all calloused from pushing the great needles in and out of the heavy tent material? Well, he had so much to tell the beautiful city of Ephesus, for instance, that the silversmiths were furious with him and wanted him thrown

into prison. For they had earned their living by making little silver images of the goddess Diana until Paul came to town; then too many persons stopped needing a mere image to worship, for God Himself had become real to them, in the story of Jesus. In some places where he went they tried to treat Paul as a god, by hanging garlands around his neck; but, when he refused to be worshipped, they turned bitterly against him.

The whole map around the Mediterranean Sea is dotted with names of places where Paul preached. Some day do take time to mark them for yourself, so that you can see what an amazing share he had in fulfilling the prophecy of Jesus, "Ye shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the earth." For he and his helpers had spread Christianity through all the provinces of Asia Minor; and it had even jumped across the Aegean Sea into Greece, Macedonia, and the islands of Cyprus and Crete. Westward it had made its way into Italy and taken root in Rome, the capital of the world. You can see in Romans 15: 24, 28 how Paul even planned to travel through Spain. We do not know whether he did or not; but it is never to be forgotten that those eleven inconspicuous men really did start the gigantic piece of work Jesus had outlined for them, and started it so well that wherever they went other men caught the vision until each

new church became a regular beehive of activities, each new follower taking up the burden, so that from that day to this God has never been without a "Witness" in any land!

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One of the loveliest symbols we have at our Communion Services is the bread; for He might have chosen fruit instead of bread—do you suppose this might have been because bread needs both man's labor and God's labor, sun and rain and soil, plus muscle and skill and time, to remind us each month anew that "without Me ye can do nothing"?

CHAPTER II

How the News Spread

ONCE upon a time somebody said, "History is His-Story"; and certainly this little study book of ours is going to prove how curiously true that old saying is, for the story of the spread of Christianity over the map will show that country by country the world became civilized and educated wherever a Witness went to tell what he knew about the Lord Jesus. Just that—*What he knew.* So that witnessing was simple enough in one way, but more than difficult in another way.

For you will remember that when Paul died there had been a new Christian church started in Rome, and for many hundreds of years after that the members were persecuted bitterly for their beliefs. They were thrown into prison; they were tortured; they were fed to lions in the arena of the great Roman Colosseum for the amusement of thousands upon thousands of spectators; they were burned at the stake; they were beheaded; they were starved and scorned and sneered at. Yet nothing on earth could stop them! Not even the fact that they had to meet secretly in the dead of night down in the dark cavernous recesses of the Catacombs, their underground burial place, always with the fear of their own death

hanging over them, since one nod of the Emperor spelled the end! It was at this time that John, banished to the Isle of Patmos, wrote the book of "Revelation," which was read to these Christians by flaming torchlight in those damp crypts; and because it was written with concealed meanings which only Christians could decipher, they found a tremendous comfort in all that it said to them of the present and of the future. How well they knew what was meant by the description, "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white. . . ."

Such a curious light came into their faces that others (neighbors and friends and relatives) were first startled and then captivated by this peculiar bravery and joyousness of people being martyred for their beliefs. What in the world made them so serene? They wanted this matchless enthusiasm, themselves. They wanted this generous sharing of all life and possessions, themselves. That is why the Early Church grew. And grew. And grew!

Then in the year 312 an odd event changed everything. For Constantine, the Emperor of Rome, was marching in battle against Maxentius, his rival for the throne, when, at noonday, he saw a shining cross in the sky and over it the Latin words: *In Hoc Signo Vinces* (By This Sign Conquer). In the night he was sure that Christ appeared to him and told him to

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We do not always realize when we sing "The Son of God Goes Forth To War" quite what terrific torture those early Christians in Rome endured—in this picture you will see how they are being crucified and made to face lions for the sake of their faith.

"They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel;

make this cross his standard and bear it before him into battle if he wanted to be certain of victory. Constantine lost no time in having a banner made—it was called the "Labarum"—bearing the cross and monogram of Christ. He had a cross on his helmet and every soldier painted one on his shield and, thus equipped, they fared forth to meet Maxentius and routed him utterly in battle after battle. Constantine said this success was entirely the gift from the Christian's God, and after that Christianity became the state religion of all Rome. But you are to look down underneath this outward act and see that in Constantine's heart was the strangest jumble of reasons. For certainly he had no sudden warm, personal love for the Saviour; it was merely a political change of front, since any one who was a sincere follower of Jesus Christ would know that He would never come in a vision to any man and suggest the cross as a winning symbol for victory in killing thousands upon thousands . . . oh no, never *the cross!* When the Prince of Peace meant His cross to stand only for forgiveness, for submission, for self-sacrifice, for boundless love toward all men everywhere.

Constantine had his own reasons for this move, but they were not Christian reasons. Yet, with persecutions ended, the real Christians were free to practice their religion without fear. And of course

the Church began to grow enormously in size and in influence; especially, as the Christians wanted new churches everywhere, and they would send out a few of their members here, there, and everywhere, so that before very long they had actually climbed over the Alps into those countries which we now call Switzerland and France and Germany.

But, just as Constantine had had no inner change of heart, so, one hundred and fifty years later, the story of Clovis, the King of the Franks, matches his. These Franks (or Merovingians, Sea-Warriors, as they were sometimes called) occupied the territory forming a part of modern Holland and Belgium and a considerable portion of the present Prussian provinces on each side of the river Rhine. The Frankish tribes had always been considered as the most untamed and barbarous of all the Northern peoples, and under their king, Clovis, were always crushing out lesser tribes until their conquests went as far south as the Pyrenees Mountains. Bloodthirsty and ferocious savage that he was, Clovis was married to a gentle Christian princess named Clotilda, and had promised her that his first son should be baptized in the name of Christ.

In the year 496, Clovis was fighting a tremendous battle in which everything seemed to be going against him, when—as a last resort— he prayed to

Clotilda's God for help, pledging himself to receive Christian baptism if that help were only sent.

The tide of battle did turn!

And Clovis not only accepted Christianity on the spot for himself, but forced all of his three thousand wild heathen warriors to be baptized with him in the Cathedral at Rheims, on Christmas Day. Needless to say, half of them had no least idea what it was all about! In the words of the ancient chronicler we have this description of that thrilling occasion which has changed so much of His-Story in Europe: "The way leading to the baptistry was put in order; on both sides it was hung with painted canvases and curtains; overhead there was a protecting shade; the streets were leveled, and sprinkled with balsam and other perfumes. Moreover the Lord Himself bestowed favor on the people that they might think they were refreshed with the sweet odors of Paradise. . . ."

Another ancient account, even quainter, tells us that on the same day he was baptized, an angel brought Clovis three white lilies; these he gave to Clotilda, which is the reason why the three-spiked "fleur-de-lys" has become the French symbol of the royal family from that day to this!

Perhaps the only noble thing Clovis ever did to prove he had any genuine interest in his change of religion was when he heard the story of Christ's

crucifixion, for then this rough and ruthless warrior was heard to exclaim, "If I had only been there with my brave Franks, I would have avenged His wrongs!"

Before he died Clovis had made himself "sole master of all Frankish men"; and each new tribe he conquered in his bloody wars, all up and down the countryside from the North Sea to the Pyrenees, he forced to join the church. They, too, had no smallest inkling of the wonder of a new life patterned after that of the Lord Jesus; like Constantine and Clovis they merely attached themselves to Christianity in general, instead of to Christ in particular. Given a choice between "death or baptism!" naturally they chose baptism, so it will be well for us to learn the names of certain wonderful persons who had begun to spread Christianity in a far more genuine way.

There was Ulfilas. He was not content to sit quietly in a beautiful church in Constantinople. Armed only with the story of Jesus, he dared the rage of savage tribes and went north to the barbaric Goths, who lurked in the dark forests around the Danube river and who were always sweeping south in vast hordes, threatening Rome. Finding these Goths letterless, Ulfilas invented an alphabet for them, borrowing some of his letters from Latin and Greek, so that he could make a written language for them. Finding them equally bookless, he translated the Bible for them, and it was passed around among

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It was said of Jesus that He "trod the winepress alone"; you will notice in this little book of ours how each of the Witnesses has had to imitate that same loneliness—going off into unknown places, facing hatred and superstition and peril and persecution in order to spread His story inch by inch, mile by mile, "unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

those wild roving tribes as their most precious treasure. The great historian Gibbon tells us: "We know that the Goths and Vandals alike carried it with them on their wanderings through Europe. The Vandals took it into Spain and Africa, and with their leader, Genseric, it came round to Rome." Today pages of this precious Bible of a race now vanished, and of a language equally vanished, are guarded in a library in Sweden—a quaint old manuscript written in letters of silver on purple vellum; but you and I can know also that it was written in invisible letters of love on the hearts of those savage tribes by Ulfilas, who had left softness and luxury and safety to be a Witness of Jesus Christ. Before he died, in the year 381, nearly all the Goths had become Christians; and, because Ulfilas was as wise as he was good, he had secured for them a grant of rich pasture land within the boundaries of the Roman Empire where they could live in peace. For this was the very same thing which Jesus Himself had done when He was here among men, remembering to heal bodies and to feed hunger and to make life more worth living. It will be interesting to notice in this book how every one of the Witnesses who has gone forth in Jesus' name has followed His program.

You may have heard somebody quote a poem about "I will build me a house by the side of the road where the races of men go by"; here is the story

of a hero who actually did build him a hut by the side of the road just outside the gates of the city of Vienna, in the fifth century. Shortly after the days of Ulfilas, new hordes of barbarians had come swarming southward, wave on wave of them, like the tide of some angry sea, until the new Christians were nearly drowned by the barbarians. It was among these few terrorized Christians who were still left that there appeared this curious man outside the gates of Vienna, who refused to give any account of himself!

Surely there must have been a twinkle in his eye as he answered their questions: "Well, if you think I am a runaway slave, get some money ready to redeem me when my master comes to ask me back."

He was rather like John the Baptist, very stern with himself, allowing no soft habits; he ate nothing until sunset time! He had no bed but his mantle on the ground! He always went barefooted even in the deepest snow! He startled people by the sheer wonder of this hard life, until people high and low could not help listening to every word he said. He began to raise large sums of money for ransoming slaves, and for all kinds of charitable work; he was so bold and fearless and wonderful in his life that great cities called on him for advice when they were besieged by enemies. He had so many new ideas about how they could defend themselves against invaders

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Ever since His-Story began to spread inch by inch and mile by mile to the uttermost parts of the earth, there have been artists here and there trying to paint the Madonna and the little Christ Child.

that kings valued his help as much as humble peasants who wondered how they were ever to keep the wolf from their door. It was he who helped commerce to flourish, and the fact that Austria-Hungary became a Christian nation was entirely due to the matchless influence of this wonderful man, Severinus, whom both barbarians and Romans valued up to the day of his death in the year 482.

And now with the central part of Europe becoming Christian, we can cross the North Sea and hear a name everybody loves, for on the seventeenth of each March his birthday is celebrated with parties, with the wearing of green, with pigs and shamrocks always in evidence; yet until you know the whole story of Patrick you cannot half appreciate how much his birthday is worth celebrating.

He was born in Scotland near Glasgow, and when a boy in his teens was kidnapped by some wild Irish pirates who carried him off to Ireland as a slave. There for six long years he was a keeper of pigs, which accounts for the pigs we see on the seventeenth of March. His was a desperately hard life among the Irish, for not only was he a slave, but he could not possibly believe all that the Irish believed in 448, when they were always in a state of fear, thinking that in every bush and flower, in every drop of water and every grain of sand lurked little evil spirits—"sidhe," as they called them then; it was a sad sight

for Patrick to see the incantations of the Druid priests around the circle of the sacred stones under the sacred Druid oaks—all to keep the cruel spirits in a good humor. . . . Patrick used to steal away before daybreak to some hilltop to pray to God that he might never lose his own belief in the Creator who made His world as safe as it was beautiful.

At last, after many dangers, he managed to escape from captivity and to reach the seacoast where he found a vessel ready to sail. The crew were a wild cruel lot, all heathen, and not one of them thought it quite safe to take this Christian boy on board. But Patrick persuaded them somehow, and before long they were glad enough to have him, for part of the cargo consisted of fierce Irish hounds, snapping and snarling in the most savage fashion. Patrick had a peculiar knack of handling them so well that, when the ship neared France, poor Patrick, who longed to leave the vicious sailors and the still more vicious dogs, found that he had suddenly become too precious to be spared, and that the crew were avoiding all the towns along the French shore.

Eventually he landed, of course, and some years later he managed to reach England, where he had a very wonderful dream one night, like the one Peter had when he heard Cornelius calling him to come to Caesarea. For Patrick tells us in his own "Confessions": "I saw in the middle of the night a man who

appeared to come from Ireland, whose name was Victoricus, and he had innumerable letters with him, one of which he gave to me, and I read the commencement of the epistle containing 'The Voice of the Irish'; and as I read aloud the beginning of the letter I thought I heard in my mind the voice of those who who were near the wood of Factuti, which is near the western sea; and they cried out: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us.' And my heart was greatly touched so that I could not read any more, and so I awoke. Thanks be to God that, after very many years, the Lord hath granted them their desire!"

You can guess how well Patrick knew by heart all their heathen practices and their tremendous need of a Witness. He was eager to obey and landed in Ireland where a chief named Dichu gave the use of his barn for services. The Celtic word for barn is *Sabhall*, which was shortened into *Saul*, which designates to this very day the spot where that first Christian meeting house in all Ireland had stood and where Dichu himself was converted.

In this way Patrick began twenty-nine years of work among these spirit-worshippers. Can't you picture him, watching the mystic Druid chants, seeing the fear in Irish eyes as they tried this or that to appease the dreaded evil Sidhe? Then one by one, and two by two, there were persons who believed his

simple story of the Saviour who loved them. A little church was started here, another there.

There is one well-known story almost as thrilling in its picturesqueness and bravery as that in the Bible about Elijah and the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, when Elijah prayed for fire from heaven. In Ireland there was a regular stronghold of paganism in Patrick's day called Tara, and its chieftain Laeghaire was one of the most influential in all Ireland. One day he had assembled at Tara, his capital, all his underchiefs, and it was an understood rule that on such grand state occasions nobody anywhere was to kindle a fire before those on the King's own altars on Tara Hill were started.

But it was Easter week. Twelve miles away across the plain of Maeth rose Slane Hill; and on Easter evening Patrick kindled a fire there in honor of the Lord Jesus, while all his new Christian followers stood around trembling violently. What in the world would happen now? For that great fire blazing on the hilltop at nighttime could be seen only too plainly!

What happened, of course, was that Laeghaire was absolutely furious to have the sacred old custom of his country outraged, and his angry subjects dragged Patrick before him for punishment.

But here was no weakling! Here was no trembling, mumbling prisoner! Here was a man with his head

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When Caedmon began to sing the stories of Jesus all up and down the countrysides of England, people began to have sudden little pictures in their mind's eye of how everything probably looked in that long ago time. Surely Caedmon himself might have imagined the Nativity like this, because he spent his days in a stable caring for cattle, and mangers were everyday sights to him.

held high, with his eyes shining fearlessly, with a curious light on his face as he explained in clear brave tones how God the Father of All had sent him to Ireland with a message; and he was not ashamed of it, O King. . . . Laeghaire listened with astonishment. Something melted in his heart that very night, and he became a humble follower of the Lord Jesus. Laeghaire's brother next believed, and their enthusiasm was so conspicuous that many others were interested to follow their example.

Before long certain young men wanted to be like Patrick himself and spend their days in preaching; so monasteries were started all over Ireland where they could live together and study until little by little Ireland was becoming a Christian country. Not easily, for Patrick's life was often in overwhelming danger, since all the Druid priests hated him bitterly for his successes and did what they could to poison the Irish minds against him. But his life was so brave and so bold and so open, yet so magic in its fearlessness, that perhaps it is no wonder that an endless number of miracles were told about him: how he drove snakes out of Ireland, how he made fire out of ice and snowballs, and any number of other impossible deeds which were sheer myths.

But we can easily believe that at least one such story is absolutely true; namely, how Patrick taught his timid and ignorant new Christians to remember

about the unity of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, every time they saw a little three-leafed shamrock by the roadside. Always it could be a sudden sermon to them! For those three-leafed clovers edged every highway and byway, silently preaching to them to overcome the swarms of old heathen fears——"See! you needn't be dreading thunder, or lighting, or the noise of the waterfall, or darkness, for here right at your feet is your reminder that God is your helper, that Jesus loves you, that the Holy Spirit is your comforter. See?"

And they saw! Never did one little emblem mean so much to any one country before. Among the many documents about Patrick is a hymn he is said to have written, composed as a kind of Christian incantation against the sorceries of the heathen. It is the very oldest literary composition that we have in the Irish-Celtic language and reflects the simple Christian faith which Patrick planted in Ireland. Part of it says:

"I bind to myself today—
The Power of God to guide me,
The Might of God to uphold me,
The Wisdom of God to teach me,
The Eye of God to watch me,
The Ear of God to hear me,
The Word of God to give me speech,

The Hand of God to protect me,
The Way of God to go before me,
The Shield of God to shelter me,
The Host of God to defend me,

Against the snares of demons,
Against the temptations of vices,
Against the lusts of nature,
Against every man who meditates
injury to me,

Whether far or near,
With few or with many.

One of the rather wonderful things about this story is the fact that the Scotland, which had given to the Irish their greatest Witness, could be so marvelously blessed in return when Ireland gave back to Scotland just as great a Witness.

For among the many monasteries which Patrick

founded in Ireland was that of Clonard. Here, about the middle of the sixth century, a young man named Columba finished his education. He was the son of a prince whose great-great-grandfather, Nail, had been monarch of all Ireland. One of the earliest and rather amusing stories about Columba (Colum of the Kil—or Cell) was how he copied a book which he wanted—for in those days there were no printing presses and one of the things he had learned in his monastery was how to make beautiful copies of books, coloring the big initials and ornamenting the borders of the pages. Colum of the Kil had a neighbor named Finnian who owned a gospel book which Colum asked to copy. Night after night after night he sat up, when his day's work was over, copying; yet, when his copy was done, Finnian insisted that it belonged to him! He called it the son of his book.

"To every book belongs its Son-Book, just as to every cow belongs its calf, Colum of the Kil!" So poor Columba had to give up the beautiful copy he had made with so much pains.

Columba was quite certain what he wanted to do with his life, and one day he decided to leave Ireland; taking a few friends, he set sail in a little wicker boat and landed finally on the utterly barren strip of a small rocky island called Iona, only three miles long and a mile wide. Here he started a monastery, and there was the sound of hammering as a group of

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To this very day travelers "going to Jerusalem" may meet some young boy with a basket full of five loaves and two small fishes, just as in the days when Jesus was here among men.

small wattled huts were put up around a green court; one special house was a chapel, another a guest house. Soon the thrilling chant and the plaintive litany echoed through the rocky gorges. Columba and his helpers were never idle. Some of them educated the children they had rescued from death or torture; others copied manuscripts (and in this work Columba still took especial delight!) while others cultivated the soil, planted trees and vines, arranged beehives and watermills, thus presenting to the eyes of all Scotland the fact that Jesus also had presented—how the Kingdom of God seeks to redeem bodies as well as souls!

The people among whom Columba worked were the Picts of the North (the word Pict means "Painted Savage"), and, although King Bruide closed his gates against Columba at first, finally he gave him a hearing and became a Christian himself. History tells us that Columba was an enormous man, with a broad chest and great muscular arms and a deep booming voice. Wherever he went he was quite content to sleep out under the stars with the ground for a bed, and his food was always very simple. He loved to fight; for those were the cruder days of "athletic Christianity" when to fight was considered as holy as to pray. An old chronicler tells us Columba "allowed no one to tread on the tail of his coat!" Moreover, he had a keen sense of humor, as the

same ancient writer puts it, "with a laugh always in the tail of his eye."

No wonder such a man could go here and there among those Painted Savages of northern Scotland, telling the story of Jesus in his great booming voice. The Picts were spellbound, and listened, and believed. The raying-out of the new life from this little island community at Iona spread Christianity all through Scotland, and it was always Columba who journeyed the farthest. Once it was to the southern part of Scotland, where a new king had just begun to reign.

Another fascinating story for us to cherish about Columba is how he crowned this new king whose palace was at Scone. For the King sat on a big rough stone to be crowned; and years later, when England conquered Scotland, that very stone was brought to London and put in the royal Coronation Chair of England, where it still is. So, whenever you read of an English coronation, think back hundreds upon hundreds of years to the day when the missionary Columba crowned the first king who ever sat on it!

It is always to be remembered about Columba that the impression he made on Scotland was so great and so lasting that for many generations every king of Scotland, as well as kings from other places, were brought to Iona to be buried beside their great apostle! It is beautiful to remember of him that on the

last day of his life he was very tired and was resting in the shade of a barn when his faithful old white horse came and laid his head against Columba's breast. Soon Columba felt strong enough to go into the monastery to finish copying a Psalm in his exquisite script (this was still his favorite pastime), "*They that seek the Lord shall want no good thing. . .*" And having written it, that was the end of his days.

CHAPTER III

And Then It Reached Our Ancestors

Not so many years ago, in the days of Queen Victoria, a certain pagan ambassador came to England for the first time and was overwhelmed by the wonders of London—its enormous size, its spacious palaces, its mighty cathedrals, its magnificent Houses of Parliament, its numberless stores, its underground subways, its overground streets with the perpetual motion of endless traffic: omnibuses, trucks, carriages, pedestrians; no wonder he said to Queen Victoria, deeply impressed, "Your majesty, tell me, what is the secret of England's greatness?"

Whereupon the Queen did not mention the strength of England's famous navy, nor the valor of England's soldiers, nor the money piled in England's banks; she merely held up a copy of the English Bible and said quietly, "*This* is the secret of England's greatness!"

That little quiet answer makes our minds go wandering back and back and back down the path of His-Story to those dim and far-off days when there were no subways nor automobiles, no palaces nor banks; when our English ancestors were men as savage as any anywhere, living in caves, dressed in the

skins torn from the backs of wild animals; ancestors with bodies painted ferociously, their beards stained a gorgeous blue, the skulls of enemies dangling from their belts for drinking cups! No homes—no books—no alphabet. Our ancestors like that? Yes!

Nobody knows exactly who dared venture first to change these Bluebeards of our family; we know from wading gallantly through the Latin prose of Caesar's Gallic Wars that his legions had crossed to Britain and had bloody battles with "the savages" there, in 55 B.C. Then, after Caesar, other Romans came to fight those blue-stained pagans; but four hundred years later the last Roman army is heard complaining to its general: "The savages drive us to the sea, and the sea casts us back upon the savages." So it would seem as if our ancestors had been quite a problem!

Yet that green island, girdled and buttressed by white cliffs, had exercised a gripping fascination over others than soldiers; for several times in the early part of the second century after Christ some one brought Christianity to those shores stiff with icy cold. No one but God Himself knows the names of those earliest heroes; but I seem to see a wooden boat crossing the choppy English channel laden with men so in love with Jesus Christ that even chilly waves and cruel savages could not discourage them. I seem to see that boat bouncing on the sapphire surf as our Bluebeard ancestors came swooping down with spears to greet the newcomers:

"Ha!" cried my own great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather with a fiendish growl, "watch me take the coat from that fellow in the bow!"

"Then I'll take his cap!" roared your own excited Bluebeard greedily.

And unable to await the beaching of the boat, they waded out with their savage welcomings. Yet somehow those strangers cast a magic spell; somehow, on those yellow sands, they lifted up their voices above the boom of breaking surf and told their message of a living Saviour; somehow, by driftwood fires on later evenings, they read stories of God's message to mankind. And they had a taming influence on Bluebeard hearts; for towns were started, streets were laid, churches built, books made, and civilization substituted for wild life in caves and forests. We owe a debt to all those nameless souls, brave enough to make the impossible possible!

Then, in other wooden boats, came a horde of conquering warriors from Germany—Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, led by Hengist and Horsa—and Christianity was suppressed in one fell swoop; it lived on in Ireland and in Scotland, as we saw in the last chapter, but the southern part of England was as pagan as before. Indeed the present names of the days of our week recall to us the gods whom our English forefathers worwhipped in those days: Wednesday was Woden's-day (the god of hunting); Thursday was Thor's-day (the

god of thunder); Friday was Fria's-day (the goddess of peace and joy and fruitfulness); Saturday was Saeter's-day; Sunday was the Sun's-day; Monday was the Moon's-day; Tuesday was Tiw's-day, the dark god, whom to meet was death. Eastre, the goddess of the dawn and of spring, still lends her name to the Christian festival of the Resurrection.

But one morning in Rome a good priest named Gregory saw some golden-haired boys being sold as slaves in the market place, and he was so struck by their fairness and by their blue eyes that he asked, "Who are these slaves?"

"They are English—Angles," the slave dealers answered.

With a gentle pun Gregory replied, "Not Angles, but *Angels*! From what country do they come?"

"From Deira," the merchants explained.

"*De ira*? 'From the wrath of God?' Yes, plucked from God's ire and called to Christ's mercy. What is the name of their king?"

"Aella," they told him.

Gregory made a pun on this, too: "Then Alle-luia shall be sung there!" And from that very moment he began planning how he might get the Christian message to those angel-faced people. He had actually traveled himself three days along the route to them when messengers from Rome called him back to a high and responsible post there. He was greatly dis-

appointed; but seven years later, when he was Pope, he sent a monk named Augustine with forty companions to Britain in his place.

They had a long and toilsome journey of many weeks up over the Alps and through Frankish Gaul; everywhere they heard such discouraging tales of the dangerous Angles that their enthusiasm was altogether chilled. Such bloodthirsty savages! They would be killed before they landed! It was a useless adventure! So many of them insisted on turning back that they forced their leader, Augustine, in spite of his own burning passion for going on, to hurry to Rome "to obtain by humble entreaty from the blessed Gregory that they might not be obliged to engage upon a journey so perilous, so barbarous, and so uncertain."

But all Gregory said was a "Go on!" And to this firm determination of his you and I owe an enormous share of all we are today! To him—and to Paul, who traveled westward to Rome with the gospel instead of eastward to Persia, India, and China.

So another boatload began crossing the choppy English channel. Another boatload faced those chalk-white cliffs. Another king and other subjects awaited them.

Now for every king there is a queen; and you will be glad to know that King Ethelbert's queen, Bertha, had been a Frankish princess, a great-granddaughter

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In the Middle Ages before machinery was invented, every home had its spinning wheel where some dear old granny would be forever starting winter dresses. What hopes and fears and wistful longings she may have spun. . . .

of the famous Clovis, and had therefore always been a Christian. Indeed, when she came to England as a bride, her parents sent a Christian bishop with her from Gaul to her husband's capital, Canterbury, where a tiny ruined church had been given her in which to worship. It was called the church of St. Martin's, the very oldest in all England; and she built it over and went there every day to pray.

But in spite of her beliefs, King Ethelbert was afraid of her religion, and refused to meet those forty-one approaching Christians from Rome anywhere but out of doors, lest they bewitch him with some sort of magic spell in a house! Therefore it was under an oak tree that he came face to face with Augustine.

How I wish we could have a moving picture of that scene in the year 597. Then we could see Ethelbert waiting on the white cliffs under his selected tree with his host of wild soldiers; we could see Augustine, a giant in size, towering head and shoulders above his forty monks, all of whom were tonsured and bare-headed, wearing hooded brown garments, walking two by two, and carrying before them a great silver cross with a picture of Christ, chanting from the litany: "*Turn from this city, O Lord, thine anger and wrath, and turn it from Thy holy house, for we have sinned.*" Then came the jubilant cry which Gregory himself had prophesied in Rome years earlier: "*Alleluia!*"

This was the beginning of real civilization and real letters and real art in England. For although Ethelbert had said to Augustine at that first meeting: "These are certainly beautiful words and promises you bring; but, because they are new and unproved, I cannot give my adhesion to them and abandon all that I have so long held, in common with every one else in England. But as you are strangers and have come a long way to this country, we do not wish to be unkind to you, and will put no hindrance in your way. . . ." This, you see, was only his first impression. Day by day he watched these forty-one men, and, as the old chronicler Bede has written, "he began to wonder at their simple and innocent lives, and at the charm of their heavenly doctrine" until he began to see that here was no magic to be feared, but a life to be lived. And he was baptized. Immediately all his Kentish subjects were baptized, also; then the under-kings of the near-by countries of Essex and East Angles received the creed of their overlord.

It is interesting for us to see how the women of this one family helped Christianity to spread. For it was Clotilda who helped Clovis to make Christianity the religion of France; then it was her great-great-great-great-granddaughter, Bertha, who helped Ethelbert to have an open mind toward planting the new religion in his part of England; and a little later it was Queen Bertha's own daughter, Ethelberga, who next

became a very important aid in making the Northumbrians Christians. Her father had become the first Christian ruler of Kent, that little portion of England settled by the Jutes. Her husband was soon to become the first Christian ruler of a much larger section of England, that settled by the Angles who were the real English. And just as it had once been agreed in the marriage contract of her mother, Bertha, that she was to bring from her Frankish home a Christian minister, so it was also agreed that Ethelberga was to take from her Kentish home another Christian minister. His name was Paulinus, and into the great wild northern region they came with the faith of Christ.

On their first Easter evening there, King Edwin (it was for him that Edwin's burg, Edinburgh, had been named) had nearly been assassinated and his first little son had been born. While Edwin was giving thanks to the old heathen gods of the English for these double blessings, Paulinus came to tell the King how he had been praying to the Christian's God to save the queen and the little new baby. In some way Edwin's heart was touched, and he allowed the little Eanfled to be baptized; but before he would change the entire religion of his country, he called a meeting of his followers, which the same old chronicler, the Venerable Bede, describes in these words:

"One of the King's thanes spoke thus: 'Man's pre-

sent life upon earth, O king, seems to me, when compared with that time beyond of which we know nothing, to be like as if, when you are sitting at supper with your aldermen and thanes in the winter time, and a fire is lighted in the middle and the hall is warmed, but all outside storms of wintry rain and snow raging, some sparrow were to come and fly very quickly through the house, in one door and out another. During the time that he is inside, he is untouched by the wintry storm, but when that little moment of calm has run out, he passes again from the winter into the winter, and you lose sight of him. So this life of man appears for a little while; but what follows it, and what went before it, we do not know at all. So if this new teaching has brought us anything sure, we should do well, I think, to follow it."

Bede also tells what Coifu, the King's head priest, said when Paulinus had explained what Christianity was: "I saw long ago that we worshipped nothing at all; because the more carefully I sought for the truth in that old worship the less I found it. But now I openly acknowledge that in this new preaching shines the truth which is able to give us the gifts of life, and health, and everlasting happiness. Therefore, I propose, O king, that we should at once give over to fire the temples and altars which we have consecrated to no profit."

When people in the room began to ask who should

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When the pilgrims first, and then the Crusaders, began "going to Jerusalem" the rounded domes on the Mohammedan homes must have looked to them like the massed backs of turtles.

be the first to do this, Coifu cried: "I. In my folly I worshipped them, and who rather than I should set an example to all by destroying them in the wisdom given me by the one true God?" But when, girded with a sword and mounted on the king's own horse, he began to break the idols and destroy the temple, the king's subjects thought he had gone quite mad! This was in the year 627.

All did not go smoothly in England at once. For instance, after Ethelbert died, King Raedwald in East Anglia decided to worship both Christ and Woden and Thor, and had a pagan and a Christian altar side by side in the same temple! Also, for twenty-five long years a king named Penda fought battle after battle with the Christians, trying to wipe them out, but unsuccessfully. And all that time, wherever Christianity flourished, churches and monasteries were teaching the people the peaceable ways of Christ.

It is hard for us to realize that there were no books in English then except the hand-written manuscripts, so few and so precious, which the monks learned to copy so beautifully. Neither were there any schools except those in the monasteries taught by the monks. The clusters of wooden hovels which had been towns began to grow into better and more beautiful houses and palaces, built durably of stone. England, in fact, was becoming England.

And, to prove that the Bible was truly the secret

of England's greatness, we recall such stories as that of Cædmon.

There was a wealthy woman named Hilda, who had made her beautiful home into an abbey—a seminary as we would call it—for the training of priests. There lived in the neighborhood an ignorant cowherd named Cædmon, just an ordinary herdsman who could neither read nor write; yet he became the first of England's poets because he learned from the great Lady Hilda that he had a curiously lovely gift. One night he left a feast in the castle and hurried to the stable where he had charge of the cattle; and there he had a dream of One who said to him, "Sing, Cædmon; sing me something."

"But I cannot sing! For this cause left I the feast and came hither."

"However that may be, you shall sing to Me!"

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing the beginning of created things."

So the next morning the humble cowherd stood before the great lady and told her his dream. Both Hilda and the other scholars in the abbey agreed that "heavenly grace had been conferred on him by the Lord." (Bede). So they translated Bible story after Bible story from Latin into English for him, and he made the stories over into poetry and chanted them to the great marvel of everybody. For this had never been done before; up to that time the Bible had been

in Latin only, so that scholars alone could know what it said. But in the year 664 Cædmon began going up and down the countrysides singing the stories of creation, of the Promised Land, of the Chosen People, of the Lord Jesus, of Jerusalem, until everybody caught more easily the fervor and the spirit of Christianity.

Meantime, in another monastery in England was a young monk named Boniface, who dedicated his life to being a Witness among the heathen people across the North Sea, in Europe. In the year 719 he was at work in Holland, but felt that God needed him more among the wholly pagan tribes of Germany. He was marvelously successful, and in the vast central wilderness of Europe whole tribes known as Allemani, Hessians, Bavarians, Saxons, and Franks began to accept Christ as their own.

For fifteen years he had been wandering through the forests of Hesse and Thuringia with the trust of God in his heart but with arrows loose in his quiver! For it was no simple tourist jaunt to cross Europe afoot in those days. There would be wide moors where the wolves hunted in packs as if the devil drove them, and tangled thickets where the lynx and the boar made their lairs. Fierce bears lurked in the rocky passes, and the gloomy recesses of the wild forests gave shelter to inhabitants more cruel and more dangerous than the beasts of prey—outlaws and sturdy robbers and bands of wandering pillagers, whose heathen altars held many a human sacrifice.

Perhaps the best known and most dramatic event in his life happened one Christmas day when Boniface felled the sacred oak tree at Geislar, as Dr. Henry Van Dyke has told us in his story, "The First Christmas Tree."

For the heathen people of the forest were gathered around the giant Thunder Oak at Geisler to worship their god, Thor; soon they would be sacrificing a steed to this god of war and drinking blood as well as eating horseflesh to make them strong. But through the mysterious woods came striding Boniface and his companions, each casting an inky shadow on the sheet of snow dazzling underfoot in the moonlight. Cold little breezes drifted through the treetops as these men strode on and on, nearer and nearer to that group where the heathen priest stood at the foot of the giant oak. By the light of an immense bonfire he chanted with his people:

"O Thor, the Thunderer,
Mighty and merciless,
Spare us from smiting!
Heave not thy hammer,
Angry, against us;
Plague not thy people.
Take from our treasure
Richest of ransom.
Silver we send thee,

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When Knighthood Was In Flower! For here you see the prancing steeds and gorgeous barons and fair ladies of the middle ages, with castles and towers and moats in the background.

Jewels and javelins,
Goodliest garments,
All our possessions,
Priceless, we proffer.
Sheep will we slaughter,
Steeds will we sacrifice;
Bright blood shall bathe thee,
O tree of Thunder,
Life-floods shall lave thee,
Strong wood of wonder.
Mighty, have mercy,
Smite us no more,
Spare us and save us,
Spare us, Thor! Thor!"

It was just when Boniface discovered that the priest was about to sacrifice a little boy in order to soak the roots of Thor's oak with human blood that he burst into that group of unknown persons, and by the flickering glare of the bonfire unrolled a certain scroll of parchment and read impressively: "A letter from the great Bishop of Rome, who sits on a golden throne, to the people of the forest, Hessians and Thuringians, Franks and Saxons: We have sent unto you our Brother Boniface, and appointed him your bishop that he may teach you the only true faith, and baptize you, and lead you back from the ways of error to the path of salvation. Hearken to him in all things

like a father. Bow your hearts to his teaching. He comes not for earthly gain, but for the gain of your souls. Depart from evil works. Worship not the false gods, for they are devils. Offer no more bloody sacrifices, nor eat the flesh of horses, but do as our Brother Boniface commands you. Build a house for him that he may dwell among you, and a church where you may offer your prayers to the only living God, the Almighty King of Heaven."

Every one felt as quieted and awed as the shepherds must have felt when the angels sang on that first Christmas eve. But when Boniface dared to lay the glittering blade of his woodman's axe at the root of their sacred tree, a gasp went the rounds. Oh, surely he wouldn't dare! But he swung the shining blade—*bang!* and a deep white gash appeared; another rhythmic stroke—another—still another—until the huge trunk quivered. . . .

Then the great wonder of his life came to Boniface. For out of the stillness of that winter night came a mighty rushing noise overhead. The people thought—was it their ancient gods on battle steeds come with their hounds of wrath and their arrows of lightning to destroy this unknown man? But a strong whirling wind gripped the oak by its branches until it fell backward and lay like a ruined tower, splitting into four great pieces as it crashed to earth.

Boniface turned to the people: "This is the birth-

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"Going to Jerusalem" was expensive business for the Crusaders—battle axes and spears and horses and chain armor for every knight, not to mention food and grain and pennants and plumes and money to pay ransoms.

night of the Lord Christ, son of the All-Father. Fairer is He than your god Baldur, the Beautiful; greater than Odin, the Wise; kinder than Fria, the Good; mightier than Thor, the Thunderer. And here, in four pieces, already felled and split for you, are the four posts of the new church you must raise to the one true God, so that you may begin to worship Him in spirit and in truth."

And on that very night, in the midst of that startled group of heathen men and women who were your ancestors and mine, Boniface told the story of Bethlehem, of the Child in the manger, of the shepherds on the hillside, of the angels singing their midnight song, while every one listened. And this was the way another tribe of Europe turned Christ-ward.

Boniface, himself, when seventy-five years old, had the choice of living and dying in peace in some quiet spot, or of going into a part of Frisia where other Witnesses had never been able to make the people believe in Christ. The fire of youth must have been burning in his heart still, for he chose this most difficult and dangerous path of his whole life! It was while he was baptizing some of his first believers that a horde of pagans rushed upon him. When his companions started to defend him he said gently, "No, no, my children; cease from strife. . . ." and let the bloodthirsty enemies bring his long and eventful life to a sudden end. He will always he known as the "Apostle to the Germans."

Because some of us may have had ancestors who were Danes or Swedes, we cannot close this chapter about how our forefathers first heard the story of Christ without telling about how Ansgar carried the Bible to Denmark and Sweden.

The really terrible reputation of the Danes for barbarity made most men unwilling to go there. But perhaps by this time you have discovered that wherever there has been a dangerous task to be done there has always been somewhere some courageous person eager to volunteer for it. And there was one this time who had been dreaming for years of undertaking some difficult perilous service for Jesus Christ; although all his comrades told young Ansgar the frightful rumors that they had heard about the savagery of the Danes, still he could not be stopped!

Once landed in Denmark, he began to preach with such burning zeal that the Danes could not help but listen; especially as he did, in the year 827, exactly what Jesus did when He was here among men—he went everywhere healing the sick, helping any one in trouble, so that he is known as the world's first "medical missionary."

Ansgar bought twelve young slave boys who were for sale, not only to rescue them from a pitiful life of cruelty, but also to teach them how to become his helpers. A wise move, this, for it was as if he had multiplied himself twelve times over in these new hands and feet and voices.

Years later, just when everything seemed to be going most smoothly, when the emperor had actually given him a beautiful monastery and the Danes were beginning to appreciate what a Christian life might mean, down swept great hordes of heathen Vikings from the north, completely destroying his entire mission—his home, his church, his school, his library, even his precious Bible! Bibles were exceedingly scarce in those days, and this one had been given him by the Emperor.

Poor Ansgar was driven from place to place, in danger of his very life. I suppose he must have remembered many times how, when the Saviour was here among men, He too had had no place to lay his head; and it is in the records of his life that he repeated quietly the courageous words of Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

But within a few years all was going better again. One curious tale is told about church bells of which the heathen Danes had an overwhelming dread, afraid lest the chime of the bells, dripping down on their ears, should cast a bewitching Christian spell over them! It was therefore a special day for little Denmark when the very first church bell chimed out one Sunday morning by permission of the Emperor Horic, now a church member himself, but only recently a great hater of all things Christian.

It was the custom in those days to tell stories of wonderful miracles done by these famous Christian Witnesses, but the true spirit of Ansgar shines out when he discovered grateful persons were telling miracles of him: "One miracle I would, if worthy, ask the Lord to grant me, and that is that by his grace he would make me a good man."

It would seem to us, hundreds of years later, that God did work this miracle! For Ansgar was not only good, he was also fearless and tireless in the face of danger. When he heard from King Bjorn of Sweden that some Christian merchants and captives in his kingdom would like a Christian priest, Ansgar took some companions and plunged into the wild and unknown North. While crossing the channel between Denmark and Sweden their boat was captured by Norse pirates who stripped them of everything they owned. When they were thrown on land, more dead than alive, they had to wander for days and days over regions of dismal forests and across lakes as big as seas, until Ansgar's comrades begged him to return.

But he had the pluck to keep on and on until finally they reached the king of Sweden, without the presents it was customary to give a monarch in those days; for they were absolutely destitute and starving. How many times so far we have seen how it is only through peril and danger and discomfort that any land has been won for Christ; today both Sweden and

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This is known as the "Crusader's Tower," a remnant of those mediæval days 700 years ago when men travelled fifteen hundred weary miles and fought great battles with the Moslems to save the Saviour's tomb. And all the time the Prince of Peace must have wondered wistfully why His followers were so curiously misguided.

Denmark remember with high gratitude this stalwart Christian whom neither mobs nor pirates nor poverty nor hunger could hinder. It is never to be forgotten that a Dane—Canute, the Great—was one of England's kings several hundred years later; and the fact that he was a Christian king was due to the work which Ansgar started years earlier.

So far you will have noticed a very lovely thing about these Witnesses mentioned in our book:

A Jew carried the Bible story to Rome.
A Roman carried it to Gaul.
A Scotchman carried it to Ireland.
An Irishman carried it to Scotland.
A Roman carried it to England.
An Englishman carried it to Germany.
Another Englishman carried it to Scandanavia.
A Scandanavian king carried it back to England.

For what each country received it longed to pass on to some other country, until there was a weaving of threads to and fro among the nations like some giant shuttle, as those Witnesses of Jesus Christ worked out His pattern for mankind: "*that they may be one, even as the Father and I are one.*"

CHAPTER IV

When Knighthood Was in Flower

ALL this time there was still Jerusalem, way back there in the Orient, the place where Jesus had stood when He said to His friends, "*Ye shall be my witnesses beginning at Jerusalem . . . and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*" In the thousand years of history we have already traced we have seen how His prophecy had been coming true; how, inch by inch, and mile by mile, and country by country, His-Story was spreading out and out and out, through Europe to England, and back from England to Europe. Until now, all of a sudden, Europe was—going to Jerusalem.

On pilgrimages!

For at the close of the tenth century there was a great deal of suffering in Europe, and people in England, France, and Germany began to be afraid that God was sending these calamities on them because of their wickednesses. They understood God so little that they tried every possible way of pleasing Him and winning forgiveness. And the most popular form of penance was a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, long and painful as the trip was.

All over Europe there would be towns and villages where a pilgrim would be starting out. The village

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(Upper) This is the Crusader's Castle at Sidon.

(Middle) And these are camels such as St. Francis of Assisi may have ridden when he visited the Moslem camp that day, with (Lower) Arabs watching curiously.

pastor would hand him a staff and would tie around his waist a scarf with a special leathern scrip attached to it. All his friends and neighbors would come walking down the roadway with him, until one by one they turned back home, and he alone went on and on —over the Alps, through the sunny plains of Lombardy, over Illyria and Pannonia, along the banks of the blue Danube, to Belgrade and Constantinople, then across the Bosporus, through Bithynia and Cilicia and Syria until the towers and walls of Tyre or Caesarea told him that at last—at last, he was in the Holy Land! How his poor feet must have ached! How his poor back must have bent, as he plodded on!

Surely the strangest sight in the world to see those pilgrims. Some might be haughty barons on horseback, with servants along to make the trip easier; others might be persons so poor that they had to beg their way that entire fifteen hundred miles of pilgrimage among strangers. There would be saints on that roadway, their faces pensive and humble and kind; there would be soldiers, clanking in chain armor, strong and eager and brave. There would be poverty-stricken persons in rags, fainting by the roadside, from hunger and fatigue. One wonders how they must have pictured God, way back in those Middle Ages—surely a stern and a terrible God, unloving indeed if He required men to travel fifteen hundred weary miles to win His favor! With a promise from

the priests that after such a pilgrimage God would positively forgive every sin any one had ever committed, or could commit! Moreover the "palmers" (as returned pilgrims were called on account of the palm leaves they brought back) were given free hospitality the rest of their lives and were venerated by everyone as God's special delight. No wonder they went. . . .

While they are on their way, there is a little story I want to give you to pack into one word, so that we can each tuck that word into our memories to use in a later place in this book. For it seems that in Medieval times all who set out on these pilgrimages were not really pilgrims. There would be persons going to Jerusalem because they had heard how the poorest pilgrims were fed from door to door by pitying townfolk, how they did not have to hire lodgings for the night but would be given a free bed by hosts who could not make a pilgrimage themselves yet wanted to win merit from God by caring for His pilgrims. And so among those going to Jerusalem there would be fake pilgrims who thought this was an easy way to see the sights and get free meals and free beds at somebody else's expense! Just like the real pilgrims they would knock on the doors of the houses they passed, saying; "*À la Sante Terre*," which is the French way of saying "To the Holy Land"; and instantly food might be placed in their hands. It was no trick at all!

But of course these make-believers often had such greedy different expressions on their faces that those with homes along the highways soon learned to spot the pretenders; and the words "*À la Sante Terre*" came to have such a change in its meaning that our little word *saunter* is taken from those four French words! For a *saunter* is a dawdling kind of walk, as if one weren't greatly in earnest about getting anywhere in particular. And it is that one little word which I hope you can tuck away in your memories; for when this book is finished we shall have discovered that every Christian in the world is "going to Jerusalem," and yet so many are not enough in earnest, they just—saunter! They are not genuine Witnesses. They simply walk along with the others, and look like the others, and act like the others; but down underneath they are only going for the free things they can get as they go!

All this time the real pilgrims of the Middle Ages are nearing Jerusalem. You will remember how beautiful it looked to Jesus that first time when He was only twelve years old. In the thousand years between His day and that of the pilgrims great changes had taken place there; for Mohammedans (Turks and Saracens) now owned Jerusalem and built their houses not like square boxes, as in the time of Jesus, but huddled together, with rounded domes over them which must have looked to the pilgrims like the massed backs of turtles!

Before they were allowed to enter the city each pilgrim had to give two pieces of gold to the Mohammedan gatekeepers, who then proceeded to treat all the pilgrims so roughly and cruelly that afterwards, as they traveled homeward through Europe, whenever they told of these atrocities, bitter hatred grew in everyone's heart. . . . How dared the Mohammedans treat Christians that way? How dared they build Mohammedan shrines in a city which had all the most sacred of Christian history connected with it? How dared they hold the tomb of the Saviour, and charge admission to see it? How dared they? How dared they?

This hatred grew and grew and grew. Peasants felt it in their hovels; princes felt it in their castles. In all history there has never been hate like that hate; it swept like wildfire all over Europe, until every one felt a wave of deepest rage at the mention of the name Mohammedan. You can see that it needed only a spark to set every one on fire. And Peter the Hermit went all up and down Europe lighting this fire in every heart. He was wild and furious and fierce. He called the Mohammedans "Dogs!" "Infidels!" "Down with them!" And before any one knew quite what was to come of it, this rage had started one of the strangest and most picturesque movements in all history—the Crusades.

You have only to read Scott's "Ivanhoe" to catch

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It was for Moslem families such as these that Raymund Lull lay down his life—in order that He who is the "Water of Life" might be as precious to them as this oasis in the desert!

the picture: warriors offering their services, every recruit wearing a red cross called *croise*, cross-bearer (whence the name Crusade). On horseback these knights fared forth from castle and palace and cathedral, sparkling in chain armor, with glittering spear and helmet and shield, with waving plumes and prancing steeds. Fair ladies leaned out of turret windows to wave tearful farewells, as off they went in gallant array for that trip which was still fifteen hundred miles long. On their banners were the two Latin words, *Deus vult*, God wills it.

Probably there are no stories more full of romance than those of these eight or nine Crusades, yet it is a curious fact to us today that none of the Crusades, either singly or collectively, accomplished in two hundred long years what was hoped! The first Crusade, led by Peter the Hermit, set forth with two hundred thousand men, but only twenty thousand succeeded in reaching even Constantinople. It was the same with all the others. Individually the knights were gallant and brave, and performed prodigies of valor with their swords and battle axes; but they fought pell-mell in groups and knew nothing of modern military tactics. Even their generals were not trained.

It was the third Crusade of which Scott tells us in "Ivanhoe," led by Richard Coeur de Lion of England, Philip Augustus of France, and Frederick Bar-

barossa of Germany, the three greatest monarchs of their age, and yet unsuccessful, even after three long years when over a hundred battles had been fought; the leaders returned dejected to their kingdoms, while the bones of thousands upon thousands of Crusaders whitened the soil of Palestine.

Knights longed to enlist in a Crusade because it was like a pilgrimage, but even more sure to win God's favor, they felt! To go to save from "Dogs" all the dear places where the Saviour had once been! But it was in the year 1212, after a hundred years of earlier Crusades that the religious feeling in connection with them had its most wonderful expression in the pathetic "Children's Crusade." The preaching of two boys roused thousands of boys and girls in France and along the Rhine Valley to set off and play this strangest "Going to Jerusalem" which the world has ever seen, all to rescue the Holy Sepulcher. Can you picture them leaving their homes and starting for Palestine, with parents and relatives and priests, as well as the children themselves, all believing that with God's help they could succeed where men had failed? A multitude of them took ship at Marseilles for the Holy Land, but alas! the shipmasters were slave traders who sold every one of those innocent and trustful boys and girls into slavery; so of all the Crusades this is the saddest and the most unbelievable to us today.

But certainly it shows what passion and enthusiasm the very name "Jerusalem" stirred in every heart, if boys and girls would risk their very lives to go there to help save it. In these Crusades over five million men are said to have lost their lives between the years 1095 and 1291, while famine and pestilence destroyed more than the sword. You can imagine how crushed Europe must have felt! The keenest disappointment and sorrow and wretchedness—and sin. For the Crusaders had been as cruel to the Mohammedans as the Mohammedans had ever been to the pilgrims. It is odd to read, for example, how these Christian Crusaders butchered 60,000 Mohammedans on the day when they conquered Jerusalem (temporarily) in the name of *Christ*—Christ, who came to be the Prince of Peace!—Christ, who had said so many, many times to His followers: "Love thy neighbor as thyself!" . . . "Forgive thine enemy!" . . . "Return good for evil!"

For, while there were many knights with a high true devotion to Christ in their hearts and a beautiful desire not only to save His tomb from desecration but also to win the Mohammedans to love the Saviour also, there were very few of these in comparison with the hordes of more ruthless Crusaders; and it is never to be forgotten that the Mohammedans gained a deep and abiding hatred of all things Christian which they still have to this very day, seven hundred years later.

But in the end this partly military and partly missionary movement brought a curious blessing to Europe. For the great wealthy princes and barons had always been very overbearing to their poor subjects, oppressing them exactly as they pleased, treating them as too insignificant to count. But going on a Crusade was an expensive business; it took an endless amount of money to buy enough horses and chain armor, enough swords and spears and battle-axes, enough plumes and food and tents to go around among his knights. Not only this, but the baron might be taken captive and there would be his ransom to pay; just as, when Richard Coeur de Lion was imprisoned in Austria on his way back from Palestine, it took nearly one-third of all the money in England to redeem him! So these other overlords came back to their estates poorer men; they never again dared to be quite so proud and oppressive, for they found themselves obliged to borrow money from the very subjects they used to despise. And all this did more good for Europe in general than the Crusades accomplished in any other way. Because until every one is equal to every one else there is not the joy and freedom which Christ hoped everybody would have, when He said, "*I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly.*"

Another interesting thing the Crusades did was to give Europe a lesson in geography! Other places on

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Always in His-Story there have been ships a-sailing! This book is full of them—God's shuttles, weaving forth His pattern for mankind: Whether the ships were full of Caesar's soldiers trying to conquer ancient Britain; or later, full of Angles, Jutes and Saxons attempting the same task; or still later, the Frankish princess Bertha crossing to wed King Ethelbert; or St. Augustine with forty Roman monks, landing to meet Ethelbert beneath some Druid oak; or Vikings on the North Sea, robbing Ansgar. . .

the map became very real indeed. Lovely things were brought home in saddlebags from Greece, from Constantinople, from Palestine. Artists in Europe tried to make just as lovely things, themselves. We shiver to read that in medieval times the floors of a castle had only rushes and straw spread over them for coverings. But when rugs were brought home from the Orient, then rugs began to be made in Europe too. Houses became more comfortable, churches more beautiful, and palaces more splendid. Commerce became a necessity, with everybody wanting strange new fruits and vegetables and silks and brasses from far-away places. These other places began to matter!

They mattered especially to two other knights, peaceable and wonderful souls, who lived at this time and were absolutely devoted to the Lord Jesus. For they sought the Orient not as foes but as friends of its Mohammedan possessors; not to buy something but to give them; and the only lives to be lost by these Crusaders were their own. They bore the cross not on their mantles but on their hearts—and their names live on and on.

The first is known as St. Francis of Assisi, one of the most lovable men who ever lived, whose entire life was more nearly Christlike than that of any one of whom we have record. It is interesting to know that his father was a rich Italian merchant of Assisi; he was named Giovanni but gained his new name

Francis (the Frenchman) from the fact that he had been taught French in preparation for the business his father expected him to undertake in France. But something happened to change all these plans.

For in a great quarrel between families Francis was taken a prisoner and for over a year was held captive in the fortress of Perugia. Serious illness followed his release, and as he lay on his sick-bed he resolved to devote his life to God. From that very moment his entire life was one of great poverty, for his father was so furious at this decision that he cast him off completely. Yet, in spite of his own poverty, he went bravely about his work until he succeeded in starting a new order of monks, "Little Brothers of the Poor," each of whom dedicated himself to poverty, relying entirely on the charity of others not only for his own meager wants but for their increasingly great work among the sick and the poor.

Francis himself was kind and gentle and beautiful in all that he did; and when new Crusaders were going to Jerusalem, he joined them and saw for himself with horror the unholy cruelty of this so-called Holy War against the Mohammedans with all its bloodshed, pestilence, terror, and greed. A few years later, in the year 1219, he joined another crusading army on its way to Egypt, determined to serve the Mohammedans by love instead of by hate; and in the very height of the battle there he made his way to the

headquarters of the Sultan of Egypt himself. The perfectly transparent simplicity and sincerity of Francis were appreciated by the Sultan; he was actually allowed to present the story of Christ right there in the camp of Mohammedans, with Crusaders fighting Mohammedans outside! Here is part of a letter written by one of the Crusaders to friends in Europe:

"Brother Francis is so lovable he is venerated by every one. Having come into our army, he has not been afraid in his zeal for Christ to go to that of our enemies. For days together he announced the word of God to the Mohammedans, but with little success; then the Sultan, King of Egypt, asked him in secret to entreat God to reveal to him, by some miracle, which is the best religion."

He was truly the "Father of Modern Missions"; and although his life of peace and love and forgiveness did not change either the Crusader or the Mohammedan outwardly, this wonderful "Little Brother of the Poor" made an unforgetable impression on every one. And on no one more than on young Raymund Lull in Spain.

For in an age of Crusades and armed knights, Raymund Lull's was a knighthood of overwhelming devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ. But not at first.

He was born on the island of Majorca, near the coast of Spain, where his father owned vast estates; and here, in the king's court, young Raymund Lull spent several years of his life as court poet and skilled

musician. He was not only a fine scholar, but the heir of so much wealth that he lived the life of a very gay young knight in this gay court—rich and idle and self-indulgent. But suddenly one day, as he sat in the garden writing a very foolish poem, the thought of Christ came over him in such a breathless fashion that it changed his entire life. He found himself wanting to sell all his property; he found himself wanting to give it all to the poor except enough to support his wife and children in a very simple way; he found himself wanting to devote the remaining years of his life to spreading Christianity however and wherever he could, but especially among the Mohammedans.

"*I see many knights*," he wrote, "*going to the Holy Land in the expectation of conquering it by force of arms, but instead of accomplishing their object, they are in the end all swept off themselves. Therefore it is my belief that the conquest of the Holy Land should be attempted in no other way than as Thou, Lord, and Thine apostles undertook to accomplish it—by love, by prayer, by tears, and the offering up of our own lives. As it seems that the possession of the Holy Sepulcher and the Holy Land can be better secured by the force of preaching than by the force of arms, let the monks march forth, as holy knights. . . .*"

He was a great admirer of the life of Francis of Assisi, and started a Franciscan monastery especially

for the purpose of training young men to be missionaries. He put on the dress of a beggar and went about among the churches of the island, asking help for this work. Then he bought a Mohammedan slave and spent nine years learning the Arabic language and becoming so familiar with Moslem literature that he would know just how to argue with Mohammedans about his religion and theirs.

But he was not contented without going himself. So many of the Witnesses we have met in this book have been dauntlessly eager for hardships, that it is encouraging for us to know that Raymund Lull felt a truly terrible shrinking from the perils sure to be ahead; he got as far as Genoa and then drew back; but presently we see him sailing away with a calm brave heart that dared anything and everything!

In the city of Tunis he announced that he was ready to debate with Mohammedan scholars, as he had studied both sides and could challenge their arguments. Of course he hoped to convert these scholars to his point of view; and they wanted to convert him to theirs! So it was a tremendous and thrilling debate! For, when the Mohammedans found he could not be changed, he was thrown into prison and ordered to be beheaded. But one of the scholars respected him so much that he managed to have this dire sentence changed to banishment. This was in the year 1292.

You would suppose that he might stay away from North Africa after that, wouldn't you? Especially as he had been strictly forbidden to return there on penalty of being stoned to death. But he simply could not stay away!

He came back again, and in the town of Bugia stood in the market place and preached openly about Christ. Instantly he was thrown in a dungeon and kept there for six months, always with daily persecutions; then the people decided he was rather a harmless fanatic but so sincere that they sent him back to Europe. He could not be contented in Europe, however, and came back to Africa a third time, spending a quiet year of work among the Mohammedans until one day he could not resist speaking openly for Jesus Christ, and was stoned to death, at the age of eighty, in the year 1315. In one unforgetable line he summed up his whole life: "*He who loves not, lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die!*"

If ever knighthood was in flower in the Middle Ages, surely it bloomed in the lives of St. Francis of Assisi and of Raymund Lull.

CHAPTER V

I Saw a Ship A-sailing!

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And it was full of Christian things
For every one from me!

All this time there was America, quietly waiting on the other side of the world, undiscovered—except that red men were roaming its green forests, canoeing its blue rivers, hunting its deer and its buffaloes, just as if neither Paul nor Clovis nor Patrick nor Augustine nor Francis of Assisi had ever lived, and as if Jerusalem were not on the map at all.

But you will remember how one fine morning Christopher Columbus had a ridiculous new idea—that the world was round—like an orange. Every one laughed and laughed and laughed. The man was crazy! Plain crazy! Didn't every one know that the world was flat? That there were edges to it where you could drop right off into space and never be heard from again? Yet here was Christopher Columbus talking all over Italy about the world's being spherical and wanting a ship to sail around to prove to every one that you could reach India by sailing westward as well as by sailing eastward.

Italy kept on laughing.

So he went to Spain. And Spain laughed. But after years of persuasion the King and Queen of Spain —Ferdinand and Isabella—gave him his precious ships, and off he started.

I see those ships a-sailing . . . the sailors quite sure Columbus was mad. . . . I see their months of terrible hunger and despair, and then—*land!* But not India. A new world. A round world.

Perhaps you will be wondering just why Columbus has walked into this book of those who set forth to be Witnesses of Jesus Christ, for we think of him only as a discoverer, and we know he did many things which the world calls wicked. Yet he always thought of himself as a man in whom the missionary call was the greatest motive in his career! Read what he wrote with his own pen to the King of Spain when his ships reached Cuba (instead of India!): "I shall labor to make all these people Christians. They will become so readily, because they have no religion nor idolatry." And in his will he put the following directions: "*I also order Diego, my son, to spare no pains in having in the island of Espanola four good professors of theology to the end and aim of their studying and laboring to convert the inhabitants . . . in attaining which no expense should be thought of. I gave to the subject six or seven years of great anxiety, explaining to the best of my ability, how great service might be done to our Lord by this undertaking, in promulgating His sacred name and our holy faith among so many nations.*

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Another ship a sailing! This time up some quiet Chinese waterway; and who knows but that the person half concealed behind the quaint old sail may be a Witness taking his Good News to some little superstitious high-walled Chinese town? For every ship of every size is like a shuttle on God's giant loom—weaving out His pattern for mankind.

Perhaps the loveliest thing we can always connect with Columbus is that he delighted to take his first name literally, thinking of himself as the *bearer of Christ* to the world and always signing himself "Christo ferens" (Christ-bearing). In some of the old, old maps dating back to the year 1500 he is painted as St. Christopher with the little Christ-child on his shoulder.

Because his ships had discovered a round world, Spain sent other ships. Eventually every land sent other ships—England especially, just at first. And they have all been sending them ever since, until America has become—America!

I saw a high-pooped frigate a-sailing, and it was full of Cavaliers from England, landing at a spot which they named Jamestown in honor of King James of England. I saw these Cavaliers building a rough little house. I realize it is the very first church ever put up in America. I remember about Captain John Smith—and Pocahontas. There is something thrilling about realizing that our country was *starting*, down south.

A few years later another ship, equally quaint and old-fashioned, was a-sailing on the sea; and it was full of Pilgrims, coming over especially to find a place where they could have freedom to worship God "according to the dictates of their own consciences." We know all about their story; that bleak and rock-bound coast; their first winter so full of starvation

and sickness and death; the well-remembered names of Myles Standish, John Alden, Priscilla, Elder Brewster, Squanto, Massasoit; their little new meeting-house built of logs; their first Thanksgiving Day. . . . Our country was being started again, northward, in New England, with God as the keynote of Puritan life.

Then, another ship a-sailing, with Henrik Hudson at the helm; and it was full of persons talking Dutch who settled midway between the Cavaliers and Pilgrims, buying all of Manhattan Island from the Indians for a mere twenty-four dollars. (Who could have pictured then the New York City of today, housing ten million people on that very spot, in giant sky-scrapers?)

Presently still another ship comes a-sailing, full of Quakers, with William Penn, not willing to snatch from the Indians the land which the King of England had given him as a gift, but paying the Indians for it, adequately; calling the territory "Penn's Woods"—Pennsylvania. We like to recognize what a Christlike trait that honesty and fairness was; indeed, looking backward, we can see our country being settled according to the very ideals which in their turn go back and back and back to the precepts which Augustine and Bertha had tried to plant in England long, long before.

Shipload after shipload has arrived since then.

And if we could know how, inch by inch and mile by mile, our country has been settled, we would be often very proud and often very sad—for there was high courage in some places and great cruelty in others. . . . Men would forget God and grab what they wanted, for a whole country is such an enormous place to be made into a nation; forests to be cut down, roads to be laid, rivers to be bridged, cities to be built, coal to be mined, food to be secured—it was all too easy for people to be selfish and greedy and heartless. But I see a ship a-sailing with George Whitfield on board, coming over from England to America seven different times to preach all up and down our Atlantic coast from Georgia to Maine, going from place to place on horse—to remind those early Americans what God was expecting of them. Great crowds swarmed to hear him, and hearts grew gentler, lives grew nobler in a "Great Awakening," so that all America owes a great debt to this Witness who sailed here seven times to give our American ancestors a missionary message they were needing.

Until suddenly this was not enough—just for America to be Christian. Just for England to be Christian. Just for Germany, for France, for Denmark, to be Christian.

There was in Denmark a wonderful man named August Francke who was such a stirring teacher that all his pupils caught from him the thrill of spreading

Christianity where it had never been before, and he more than any other one man was the "Father of Modern Missions." For he sent out his pupils into all the world! One of these students was Count Zinzendorf, a talented and rich young nobleman, who had on his vast estates a house called *Herrenhüt* (The Watch of the Lord) where religious refugees who had been bitterly persecuted in Bohemia could live in safety. When Count Zinzendorf passed on to these "Moravians" the needs of the rest of the world as he had learned them from Dr. Francke, it was not long before those refugees were doing amazing things. . . .

On a morning like any other morning there would be a refugee carpenter and a refugee potter digging side by side in the Herrenhüt garden. One will soon venture to hint at his wish for going somewhere to tell some one else about the Lord Jesus. They will both be dropping their tools and praying together, and then asking to be sent at once to some very difficult place. Then, with their only baggage in bundles on their backs and about three dollars in their pockets, behold, they will be off! Not only these two doing this, but hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of other Moravians; in fact, there is no other denomination in the world which for five long generations has made "foreign missions" almost its only business, so that Moravians have always had more members in the church of their mission fields than in their homelands. What ships they set a-sailing!

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One of the finest things which Robert Morrison's Bibles did in making over China was to prove that women were worth educating, for no one had ever troubled with mere girls before. Yet here are two of our mission school scholars looking at a map of the world painted on a lantern; aren't you agreeing that they are the light of their world?

There will be a ship in 1706 with Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutschau on board, sent by the King of Denmark himself to his Danish possessions in India. Can you see them landing and putting themselves to school with the littlest brown Hindus, learning to write the Tamil alphabet in the sand, listening for new words in order to make a dictionary—sometimes on a distant journey hearing just the word they had been trying to find? Once, having no paper, watch them pricking that precious new word on a big palm leaf lest they forget it. Mr. Ziegenbalg built a little Christian church in India with his own money, and finally knew the language well enough to translate the New Testament into Tamil—the very first translation of the Bible into any of the many hundred languages India speaks.

And then, another Danish ship a-sailing with a Danish man on board—Christian Friedrich Schwartz. When he reached India he lived in the simplest way possible: his daily fare was a dish of boiled rice with a few vegetables; he dressed only in a piece of dark cotton cloth woven and draped around him just as the brown people draped theirs. Simple, sincere, true, friendly; building India's first orphanage out of his tiny salary, winning people to love his God because they loved him! Indeed, one day a haughty Mohammedan ruler refused to settle a dispute with the English Government. "*Send me the Christian. He*

will not deceive me!" he ordered. Surely any man who lived up to his name so nobly must have been a rare soul, and you will not be surprised that the Rajah of Tangore made Mr. Schwartz the guardian of his little son and heir!

Behold, in the year 1800, there were forty thousand persons in India calling themselves "Christian" where there had been none at all when Ziegenbalg arrived in 1706.

Then another ship a-sailing to India with William Carey on board. You will be admiring Carey, for he had such a struggle to go. Moravians had been going; Danes had been going; Germans had been going. But when it dawned on William Carey that a Christian *ought* to go into all the world, he was the only man in all England who saw why. He was a cobbler; and, as he cobbled shoes, he not only had a Bible open on the bench beside him, but he had a home-made map of the world on the wall before him, and the various countries seemed to wink and beckon to him, while all the time a certain Bible verse kept whispering up at him, "Go ye! Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Somehow there seemed to be no way of getting away from the voice of the map and the voice of the Bible. But when he stood up and told some ministers how he felt about it, a certain deacon said crossly: "Sit down, young man! If God wants to convert the heathen He can certainly do it without your help or mine!"

But cobblers with maps on the wall have a way with them! William Carey wrote article after article about all the countries in the world; he knew about them, because when he was a boy he used to sit up in a tree-top with his friends and tell them the most blood-curdling tales of far-off places until the boys felt cold shivers ripple up and down their spines, and it was a delight to go home to safe little English cottages with roses rambling over the door. But much as Mr. Carey loved the roses of England, he loved something else far more, something which drove him as the wind drives a sail . . . and one day he spoke again to ministers: "Attempt great things for God, expect great things from God," until they too were willing to let this divine wind drive him where he longed to go. . . .

"*There is a gold mine in India,*" he said; "*I will go down if you will hold the ropes!*"

So I see his ship a-sailing—with the cobbler on board. Only thirteen pounds, eight shillings and sixpence of English money in his pockets; but such an overwhelming desire for India in his heart that nothing could stop him—neither the opposition of the other white persons (traders) in India who blocked him at every turn, nor poverty (he had to earn his own living in an indigo factory). What he did for India was rather colossal for one man: he learned thirty-six of her many languages into which he trans-

lated either all or various parts of the Bible; he made dictionaries for these new languages he had learned; he rescued widows from being burned alive at their husbands' graves; he went into the slums of the hot cities, seeking those who were sick or in trouble; he started a wonderful botanical garden with every kind of shrub and plant and flower, teaching the Indians how to plough and sow and reap their crops. Yet what he did for the rest of the world was even greater, for he started other ships a-sailing from England, since the English people soon came to see that if the gospel should be preached in India there was also China. . . .

A ship began a-sailing there with Robert Morrison on board, and the sneering ship owner looked him up and down with amusement, saying, "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?"

"No, sir," said Robert Morrison; "I expect *God* will!"

But oh, the time it took! The really endless day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, with nobody wanting him, with Chinese officials dreading him and spying on him and letting him live only in some inconspicuous cellar and forbidding any one to teach him Chinese, with every one calling him "that foreign devil from over the ocean" as he walked down their quaint streets which smelled

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"*Knit one, purl one. . . .*" Did her rules add "and then giggle"? We would love to know just what joke is making her laugh so merrily: perhaps only because her fingers seem all thumbs; or perhaps she never had her picture taken before!

so horribly because of open sewers and decaying garbage—"Martial Dragon Street," "New Green Pea Street," "Old Clothes Street," "Firecracker Alley." Do you suppose he had courage to smile at the names of them and at the lovely old tiled roofs—red or blue or green or yellow—which tipped up at the corners of every house to help bounce off the Chinese evil spirits?

He took to dressing in Chinese clothes, even to a long black pigtail like other Chinese gentlemen in those days; and he let his nails grow very, very long as Chinese scholars did; he ate strange Chinese food with Chinese chopsticks, and he slept on a Chinese brick bed, even saying his prayers in Chinese in order to learn the difficult new language as quickly as possible. Years later some one else said: "To learn Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, the patience of Job, and the years of Methuselah!"

Yet picture Robert Morrison tackling this job in utter loneliness in his damp chilly cellar room, with a secret teacher who admitted later that he came only because it seemed an excellent way eventually to kill off this "foreign devil." Meanwhile he taught him that the little word "Ma" has seven meanings, according to the way you intone it: it can mean "cat" or "horse" or "goat" or "grandmother" or "cannot"

or "scold" or "oatmeal." Imagine calling a grandmother oatmeal by mistake, in a land where old age is so beautifully reverenced.

For seven years this brave and quiet man kept at the Chinese language, making a Chinese-English dictionary, translating the Bible, holding secret meetings in his dark little room for any who dared to come. But it was seven weary years before a man who had helped him with his translations said quietly one day, "I would like to be a Christian, honorable sir!"

Meanwhile there were Chinese trundling his newly printed Chinese Bibles in wheelbarrows here, there, and everywhere. People read them with such mingled astonishment and delight that priests grew worried and mandarins posted large red official placards in their towns: *"The books that the foreigner is selling are printed with ink made from stupefying medicine. When any one reads them for a while he becomes stupefied and loses his natural reason, and believes and follows the false doctrine. This is to warn the Chinese not to read them. The foreigners also use stupefying medicine in all sorts of food, in order to win over little children. At times they use it for kidnaping children to sell to other foreigners who take away their marrow. The children die at once. Wherever foreigners come, families ought to warn their children not to go out."*

What horrors! People were frozen with fear; they

spread wilder tales of this white "devil." And yet, wherever Mr. Morrison's Bibles went, they were eagerly read and people began to question curiously, so that this first Witness to China saw a little fruit of his hard work. Moreover, one of the men who had come to China later and had helped him was a Dr. Gutzlaff who became so beloved by the Chinese for his pills and his preaching that they named a lighthouse for him, and to this very day whenever a ship is seen a-sailing past, the lighthouse keeper will be heard calling over the waves, "*Gutzlaff! Gutzlaff!*" so that every one may be reminded of the name of this one splendid man who gave all his life for China.

Other ships have brought other Witnesses to China ever since that day. Perhaps the most fascinating stories could be told of Dr. Peter Parker, who "opened China at the point of a lancet"; for exactly two months after Mr. Morrison's death this young American landed and opened a hospital. But do not suppose patients crowded his door! Only one lone lorn woman came, and she so poor and miserable that even the fear of being bewitched or eaten alive by this horrible foreign devil had no terror for her. But he did not eat her alive; he cured her instead. So that the amazing news spread and spread; and within three months he was so famous that his poorer patients used to come the night before and lie on mats in front of the door in order to be first in line in the

morning. Mandarins in rich gold-embroidered coats came, too; wee little rich ladies in sedan chairs, clumsy peasants in wheelbarrows . . . he was opening China for Christ with his lancet! And just as years upon years before people tried to worship the apostle Paul as a god, so one wealthy old gentleman in Canton, who had not seen for years, was so delighted to have his eyesight completely restored that he begged to have a Chinese artist paint Dr. Parker's portrait so that he might hang it up in his home and bow before it every morning!

As for the other names which are written forever and ever on the map of China, the world will never forget such rare persons as Hudson Taylor, Dr. MacKenzie, James Gilmour, Eleanor Chestnut, and hundreds upon hundreds of other Witnesses.

You can easily see that when once Christian England had begun sending missionary ships to India and to China there would soon be ships going to other countries as well, and so one day there was Robert Moffat sailing due south to Africa, while people on his boat were saying: "Just wait till Chief Africaner gets you! He'll set you up as a target for his boys to shoot at, and he'll make a drum of your skin, and a drinking cup of your skull!"

Terrifying words for any man to hear! But perhaps the passengers did not realize what a fearless and inspiring person Robert Moffat was, or how greatly a

fierce African chief would appreciate qualities so much like those he admired the most in a leader! In any case the two men became friends and the chief welcomed him to his kraal, ordering his wives to build a special beehive hut for the white man, into which, in less than an hour, he moved, followed by every one in town, including dogs and chickens and babies. Like every one of our other Witnesses, he too had a new language to learn—a hard task, when to say "eight" one remarked: "*Goshume go choa go hera menuana me beri,*" which really meant, "Ten except the hindering (or held down) two fingers." So it was necessary for him to invent his own words for numbers, as well as for many other verbs and nouns needed to translate the Bible for Africaner's people.

These Bibles, when they were finished, seemed the most magic objects the black people had ever seen! "It is strange medicine on those white leaves!" they would say, as they saw the printed words changing lives, making homes cleaner and happier. They liked to smell the very leather of the binding, and some of those who did not have any schooling were afraid to open the covers of the Bible for fear some of the magic medicine might blow away. Mr. Moffat's favorite story was about the old chief who was looking so downcast:

"I said to my friend, 'What is the matter? Who is dead?' 'Oh,' he said, 'no one is dead, but my dog

has eaten a leaf of the Bible.' 'Well,' I said, 'perhaps I can replace it for you.' 'It isn't that so much,' the chief explained sadly; 'but my dog will never be any good again; he will never bite anybody now; he will never catch any jackals; he will be as tame as I see the people become who believe in that Book. All our warriors become gentle as women; so alas! *my dog is done for!*' " All of which shows very clearly what one black savage had seen Mr. Moffat's Bible do to other black savages!

Once when Robert Moffat went home to Scotland he said in an address: "*I have often stood at sunset time on a certain hill near my home and seen the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary of Christ has ever been.*" As he said the words, a young man in the audience began seeing himself visiting those thousand Christless villages, so full of frightened black people forever covering their bodies with charms and fetishes in order to feel safe, and he found himself deciding to sail. . . .

And this was David Livingstone, the man who walked so many thousands of miles exploring Africa where no white man had ever been before—David Livingstone, who said so many sentences we love to quote today. "Anywhere—so it be *forward!*" "I view the geographical exploration as the beginning of the missionary enterprise," said this tireless explorer, who discovered lakes and falls and trails in the heart

of Africa never known before. Another time he said: "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son and He was a missionary. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die." And in it he did die, alone in the heart of Africa, after having been not only an explorer and a missionary but an emancipator of slaves at a time when on every African trail was a caravan of slaves on their way to be sold somewhere. He did all he could to break this cruel trade.

We shall not have time to tell of other remarkable Witnesses sailing on other ships to bring Jesus Christ to Africa. There was Dr. Pilkington who worked with such a shortage of books that half of his pupils learned to read the one Bible he had right side up, the other half learning to read just as readily with the words upside down! There was Alexander Mackay, "Uganda's white man of work," who was such a Jack-of-all-trades that he translated the Bible by night, and by day doctored the sick, taught school, built houses—hammering, sawing, knowing how to be as good a carpenter as he was a counselor. There was Mary Slessor, the fearless Scotch woman, whom the black men called "The Great White Ma who walked alone," because she lived among them alone—the only white person—loved and respected, a judge in their disputes, a mother in their troubles. There was Bishop Hannington; Bishop Crowther, a black man;

Dan Crawford; and a long, long line of others who gave their days and their lives to the great task of witnessing in Africa.

So far we have traced a few of His ships as they sailed to great continents; from England to America, from England and from Europe and from America to Asia, and from England to Africa—each new ship another shuttle on God's giant loom, weaving His pattern for mankind. But dotted on each blue ocean around these continents lie lovely green islands, and we shall see how other ships were soon adventuring there also.

The lilies of the field grow straight and tall and beautiful in Palestine today, as in the days when Jesus was here among men; but no one ever tried to make the little Jewish girls as straight and tall and beautiful as God intended them to be until our Christian schools had calisthenics, as in this school in Jerusalem.

CHAPTER VI

Going to Jerusalem

NOT very long ago a famous minister was invited to speak before a certain Sunday school, and in order to get the children's attention he asked, "Tell me what you feel sure God watches all the time?"

One little boy waved his hand so violently that the speaker could not possibly overlook him: "Well, my lad, what is it God watches?"

"A ship, sir!"

"A *ship*? But why a ship?" for the minister was puzzled by this unexpected answer.

"Because my father's on it!" was the answer of the sailor's son, as if this were quite reason enough. And somehow, after finishing the last chapter and seeing how our Father was indeed on every ship we saw a-sailing, we know that ships are very precious in His sight and that He must be watching them every minute. . . . This chapter continues the log of those earlier boats so busy on His errands as we begin cruising among the islands of the world, sailing first to Japan.

For hundreds of years Japan had been known as a "Hermit Nation," refusing to let any foreigner land on her shores; and in every port city there would be

this warning placard posted: "*So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of All, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head.*" By which you can see plainly that no human Witness could get into Japan just then, and live.

But God is never at a loss for a Witness, or for a plan! So one dark night a very strange and yet a very simple thing happened: a Dutch sailor on a Dutch warship leaned against a deck railing just as thousands of sailors have leaned both before and since that night in the year 1854; this particular sailor never dreamed he was going to be part of a great movement, for he never guessed that something fell out of his pocket—something which was small and square, and which was caught in a fisherman's net and examined by him with such perplexity that the poor simple fellow carried it to the captain of the port. For never was a fish constructed thus!

The captain of the port was a nobleman, Wakasa Murata by name, and when he saw the Dutch book he was greatly interested in the unknown words and found an interpreter who translated enough of it to show that the book was about a "Living God." Deeply interested, Wakasa Murata sent over to China to try to buy a copy of this same book in a language which he could understand. He never

dreamed, either, that he was to be part of a great movement! For when the Book came, he and his brother and a cousin studied it secretly for eight years until they could not help but believe, and before that time was up a human Witness was found to explain the mysterious parts to the three inquirers.

Meanwhile a small boy named Neesima had been having grave doubts about idols; he had buried one and found it could not help itself out of the hole, but a tiny seed of rice on the idol's palm *had* helped itself up and out by sprouting and growing. "The seed is greater than the god!" Neesima said, and he wondered always about nature until one day an American's geography primer astonished him beyond words in its opening sentence: "*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth*——" Had he not always wondered about clouds and clods and kernels of rice? He decided he must find this God whatever the cost; and the cost was likely to be rather terrible, since it was death for any Japanese subject to leave Japan just then. But it seemed worth the risk . . . to get to America—the place where the primer had been made—to find God there. So Neesima ran away, caught a ship to Shanghai, and from there to Boston, writing of that voyage: "Every night after I went to bed I prayed to God: Please! don't cast me away into miserable condition. Please! let me reach my great aim."

You will see how he was walking right into the plan of being a Witness without knowing it. For the owner of the boat was an American named Mr. Alpheus Hardy, who was so interested in this plucky boy that he adopted him as his own son. He paid his way through Amherst College, from where Neesima wrote him the following letter: "I am very thankful to you. You relief me, but I can't show to you my thankfulness with my words. But I do at all times bless to God for you with this prayer. Let me be civilized with Bible."

Mr. Hardy helped to answer this prayer by sending Neesima to Andover Theological Seminary; and the day before he was ready to sail home to Japan he was given a big farewell meeting. He stood on the platform and pleaded: "Upon this platform I stand until you give me the money to erect a college in which I may teach my poor fellow countrymen of God, the Living God, for whom their souls cry out!"

A pin could have been heard! Then a man arose and promised a thousand dollars. Other promises followed, until Neesima could sail back to found a school at Kyoto called the Doshisha University, known far and wide today as a place where new Witnesses are always being trained because of that original Witness, Neesima, whose entire life was such a gift of God to Japan.

But you must not suppose it was all as easy as

these few printed words make it sound. Do you remember how, when Augustine landed in England, King Ethelbert was terrified of being bewitched and would only dare to meet this Christian out of doors? And how the Chinese posted warning placards in the streets when Mr. Morrison's Bibles were first being sold? In just the same way Japan went through a long period of terror and of hatred toward all things Christian. Even the quietest of services was apt to be broken up by furious mobs throwing stones through the paper windows: one missionary picked up two hundred and eighty-five stones in his front room after his congregation had been forced to leave through the back door. People in America kept writing that it was evidently going to be utterly impossible to do anything in such a hostile nation, so do hurry home. But that is not the stuff Witnesses are made of! Nothing stopped them, neither placards in the streets, nor persecution, nor famine, nor sword, nor letters in the mail such as this: "To the four American barbarians: We speak to you who have come with words that are sweet in the mouth but a sword in the heart—bad priests, American barbarians, four robbers! Japan being truly flourishing excellent country, in ancient times when Buddhism first came to Japan those who brought it were killed; in the same way you must be killed. (Signed): Patriots in the peaceful city of Kyoto; believers in Shinto."

There were tremendous daily risks; there were tremendous daily thrills. Imagine how Dr. Guido Verbeck must have felt when Wakasa Murata came to him after studying the Bible (all on account of that unknown sailor!) and said: "Sir, I cannot tell you my feelings when I first read of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, heard of, or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, taken captive by the record of His nature and His life. My brother Ayabe and I wish to be baptized."

This baptism had to be secret, owing to the dangers of publicly joining a new religion at that time. But it was these noblemen who, years later, helped Dr. Verbeck to found the Imperial University now so great and important; and on account of their interest in him Dr. Verbeck had such rare influence in Japan that the rulers came to him for advice, and did as he suggested about sending commissions around the world to study other civilizations. So that today, inch by inch and mile by mile, Japan owes an overwhelming debt to Dr. Verbeck (and, tracing things back and back, to that unknown sailor on the deck one night). For what took Europe five hundred slow years to accomplish, Japan did in fifty swift years. "Now that we have stopped being hermits we must become like the rest of the world at once," they seemed to say. The commissioners were

open-minded about choosing the best in each nation to copy.

One of the very strange things in this book is the similarity in the stories telling how each nation had treated its Witnesses when they first arrived; also the similarity of the work these Witnesses had to do wherever they went—whether it was Ulfilas among the Goths, or Augustine among the English, or Patrick among the Irish, or Moffat among the Africans. *People* are all-of-a-piece!—whether they are our ancestors or our world neighbors. The color of skin doesn't seem to matter at all, or the language spoken, or the climate, or the kind of house lived in. Without Christ people are much alike; with Him their lives grow gentler, richer, more civilized.

This is nowhere more marked than in the islands in the Pacific Ocean. There are no more beautiful spots in the world: the green palms are so very green; the blue sea is so very turquoise; the yellow sands so very golden; the white waves booming on the shore so very white and foamy, like Ivory soap suds! But the *people* hardly seemed to match the beauty of their surroundings, for their dark naked bodies were daubed with paint and tattooed in all sorts of patterns; they were cruel and superstitious and blood thirsty; they were ignorant and sure that they did not need any white man to tell them anything. But they were puzzled by these white men . . . many

and many a mission house did they burn down, many a missionary did they kill. Yet new white teachers would come to take their places from somewhere over the turquoise seas, and those dusky cannibals would grunt to one another: "Now how is this? We kill them, or drive them away. We burn down their houses and steal all their possessions. If any tribe treated us that way, nothing could ever make us return to that place. But these white people can't keep away from us! Yet is it to trade or to make money that they come? No, no! Only to give us a little book with tattoo-marks all over it, straight from their God to our island. If their God makes them brave to do all that, and to care only for loving us, we might as well worship Him too."

But oh, the years and years before any island reached this state of mind! Certainly they were dauntless Witnesses who dared linger in such savage surroundings. . . .

Imagine landing on such an island—lovely as a picture to the eye—only to discover the yellow beach with a great fire burning itself out and a giant cauldron still steaming where nearly eighty enemies had been cooked, the bones of these poor victims scattered all over the sand. It was Mr. Geddie who had this welcome, and you might suppose he would be wishing, "Oh, to be safe in England now!" For tell-tale footprints in circles round and round the huge

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Anybody "going to Jerusalem" today will find some very modern scholars in some very modern schools wearing very modern clothes, studying very modern lessons!

pot showed what wild dancing had followed the feast, and now no doubt the exhausted cannibals were sleeping off the orgy in their leaf-thatched huts. What would you have done?

Mr. Geddie reverently buried all the bones in a mammoth grave, that first day; and as for the other days which followed you can guess best by the beautiful sentence on his grave: "*When he came to the island in 1848 there was not a single Christian; when he left it in 1872 there was not a single heathen.*" For this speaks volumes for his pluck, and his perseverance, and the amazing attraction of his own life during those twenty-four years. Are you picturing him translating the Bible? Explaining to the cannibals how this "many-leaved creature of white paper covered with tattoo-marks" was a special message from God to their island? Are you also seeing those savages reverently fingering it and bowing down to it, and eagerly buying copies for themselves, giving porpoise teeth and tropical shells in exchange?

Sometime, if you want an absolutely thrilling rainy day, hunt up the complete stories of the Witnesses who went to all these little islands in the Pacific Ocean which look so much like little freckles on the face of the map; you will especially like the four famous Johns:

John Adams, a sailor, who, with others of the crew, mutinied against the captain, throwing him

with his few faithful followers into a small boat which they cruelly set adrift on the wide and relentless ocean to meet its fate. Then, with lies to explain their captain's absence, the mutineers set sail here, there, and everywhere, trying to find some safe spot where they dared live undiscovered; finally forced to stay with savages on the little island of Pitcairn, so small and so isolated that it seemed ideal for their purpose after they had burned their telltale stolen ship right to the water's edge. But such bloody wars as those white men had with the so-called "savages!" Truly the term fitted white men as appropriately as brown men. Finally only one white man was left alive; he had renamed himself John Adams. One day as he was rummaging in the few things left from the destroyed ship he found a Bible. He read it. By this time he was so sickened by bloodshed and battles and treachery and trickery that the calmness and beauty of the quiet words bit into his heart like an antiseptic. The sheer wonder of them awed him. He began telling the savages. They listened, spellbound. For if ever a man was absolutely changed it was this particular white man. Hadn't they known him before? Well, if God could do that to him. . . .

Year after year after year went by until twenty-five had passed. Then one September day two English men-of-war, finding this little uncharted island, were astonished to see neat and comfortable homes

on shore; more astonished still to have a canoe paddle out of them with young natives speaking English; but even more amazed to have these brown men, once on board and offered refreshments, bow their heads and fold their hands as they said: "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful." So then the wonderful story came out: what one Bible had done in transforming not only one man but an entire island!

You will always be richer, too, for knowing the beautiful story of *John Coleridge Patteson*, a young athlete and the grand-nephew of the English poet, Samuel Coleridge, who wrote "The Ancient Mariner" without dreaming that one day his own relative was to have a far more thrilling adventure in "stopping one of three" in a South Sea island. For this second John in our series set sail for the Pacific Islands where he spent five years in learning new languages, translating Bibles and hymns, and finally being made Bishop of the Melanesian Islands. You can imagine how scattered the ends of his diocese were and how he needed the little ship which was finally given him by Miss Charlotte Yonge from the royalties from the sale of her book, "The Heir of Redcliffe." Whenever you see this book on the shelf remember how it financed Bishop Patteson's missionary journeys on *The Southern Cross;* and how, on this very same boat, one day he came to a certain island where white

traders had recently stolen a brown boy as a slave so that the islanders were determined to have revenge on some white man some day, and when the unsuspecting Bishop landed they took that vengeance out in killing him.

If you are a boy, you will especially delight in the third John, *John Williams*, who could not sit down contentedly on one island to teach the brown people when he knew there were other islands with cannibals eating one another's flesh and drinking one another's blood. He wanted a ship, and, although he knew next to nothing about shipbuilding, he had pluck enough to build one! Without tools, too! He had to make a forge, and bellows; he had no axe to cut down trees, so he hacked them down with hatchets; for a curved plank he had to find a crooked tree. He used wooden pegs for nails, and native mats for sails, and made his own rope from cocoanut fibre. He called the boat *The Messenger of Peace* and sailed thousands of miles in her over the blue Pacific, with savages jostling out into the waves to meet him as our own early ancestors in England must have met *their* Witnesses, sucking in their breath with delight as they brandished spears and clubs: "I'll take his coat!" "And I'll take his hat!"

John Williams would say to his companion: "Don't be afraid. See, there are boys playing on the beach. That is a good sign!" And the companion

would say: "Yes, but no women are there! Savages mean mischief when they send their women away."

Oh, the adventure of life those days, when the painted chief would say, "Tell us, man, why you come?" with John Williams answering fearlessly, "I am come to tell you of the true God, so that you can burn your gods of wood and of birds' feathers." Such roars of rage from the savages, their hideously painted bodies aching to crush the very breath of life from this daring upstart. And then on those yellow sands, above the boom of the giant breakers, the arresting story of Jesus Christ was told once more. And once more hearts were touched; savagery grew gentle, eager, hospitable. "Stay on our island; tell us more!" So he would stay awhile, now here, now there, translating the Bible and selling it, with the people eagerly bringing arrowroot and rough little mats in exchange, until on one last trip to a heathen island the cannibals would not listen, and used their weapons against him. . . .

But instantly other Witnesses in England said: "I will go!" "And I!" "Let me take his place!" And we like to remember how the children of England raised money enough to build a new mission ship which they named *The John Williams;* for over twenty years she skimmed those turquoise seas, bearing at her prow the half-length carved figure of John Williams, with the open Bible in his hand.

As for *John G. Paton,* his story is so familiar hat every one knows of his "talking chip" and the famous well he dug, astonishing the savages who had been so positive nobody could possibly "send rain up from the earth." Not only on Aniwa were idols burned, but there were numbers of islands where Mr. Paton was beloved, where the people waded eagerly out into the waves to greet him, rubbing their noses on his nose in native style, chuckling: "Twice twenty moons have passed away since you left us, Missi. You fill our eyes! You fill our eyes! Have us brought us God's Book, Missi? See, we have stacked up jars of cocoanut oil to pay for them!" If you love exploits and adventures and plenty of "local color," just read the autobiography of John G. Paton!

There are many, many other heroes whose names you should love: James Chalmers; James Calvert, the printer-missionary to the Fiji Islands, who lost all his type in a shipwreck and patiently made some more out of old tin cans so that he could print Bibles without delay! There is Titus Coan, who made Hawaii Christian; and there are other islands with marvelous stories of what Witnesses did: such as Madegascar, where for twenty-five years the Bible alone could "witness" because of the terrific persecutions; the Philippines, where constant heroism has been needed; Ceylon, where the beautiful life of Eliza Agnew made her known as "The Mother of a

Thousand Daughters," while she met all her problems with a matchless watchword: *"I'll tell the Master";* Greenland, whose "icy mountains" were familiar to the dauntless Hans Egede, who, safe in Norway years earlier, had read of Christless savages there, forgotten and neglected, and had determined to be their Witness, even if his neighbors called him absolutely crazy and his wife at first refused to think of such a foolhardy venture. But they went. And they stayed!

In fact our list could go on forever and ever, since history actually *is* His-Story, while every geography and every atlas is simply a list of the places where once upon a time some Witness went and stayed a while, or—should have gone, and failed to do so. For on that day when Jesus stood in Jerusalem, saying, "Ye shall be my witnesses," He *knew* where "even unto the ends of the earth" would take His followers, but they did not always guess! Just as we have not always guessed in our time, either. The pity of it is that too many Christians have walked forward through the ages content simply to "saunter"—that idle little word we were to remember from the Crusader chapter, when people pretended they were going to Jerusalem—and weren't! It was easy then to sift the pretenders from the real pilgrims; perhaps it is equally easy for God to sift Christians nowadays. For when we accept and accept and accept whatever

Christianity has to offer us as we walk along, yet never plan to witness or to share, we come dangerously near to sauntering, don't we? It was the famous Charles Wesley who said once, "Either you must give Christ away or you must give Him up!"

Every time we put money into a missionary offering we help to spread His story on and on a few inches further. But in case we wonder sometimes whether anybody anywhere has really benefited, then all we shall ever have to do is to remember something absolutely beautiful which happened on Easter Sunday in the year 1928. For all through this book some one has been going to Jerusalem: beginning with the Saviour Himself, first as a boy, then as a man; afterwards Paul went often; then pilgrims from all over Europe went; Crusaders went; St. Francis of Assisi went; until suddenly in March of 1928 from all over the world different persons started going to Jerusalem—representatives from every country and every nation where Witnesses had made a shining success of their work.

Day by day boats and trains and automobiles carried these strangers nearer and nearer to one another, until finally two hundred of them sat down together on the Mount of Olives—Chinese rubbing elbows with Americans, Japanese side by side with Turks, Africans next to South Americans, Europeans next to Indians, Englishmen next to Filipinos. Fifty-

This little lad of Galilee reminds us of the days when Jesus was here among men. for He too may have been sent to the hillsides to gather faggots to help cook the evening meal.

one nationalities meeting on the very spot where Jesus had said, "*Ye shall be my witnesses beginning at Jerusalem . . . unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*" And now, from those uttermost parts of the earth, they had been going to Jerusalem to talk it over; to tell one another what Christianity had done for them, what their next problems were, how to solve them, how to spread God's kingdom further and further.

For fifteen wonderful days they talked and talked and talked. They sang together, and prayed together, and had the Lord's Supper together. They found that love is the same in every tongue, that a smile is alike in all languages, that pain is a similar ache whatever the color of the body, that a handclasp binds hearts closer, that Christ belongs to each supremely, until suddenly they were not fifty-one separate nationalities at all, but one race—a *new* race—a race called "Christians." And that is how we may always know the prophecy He made 1900 years ago has been fulfilled, for—

"In Christ there is no East nor West,
In Him no South nor North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be.
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both East and West,
In Him meet South and North;
All Christly souls are one in Him
Throughout the whole wide earth.

—John Oxenham.

APPENDIX

OUTLINE

CHAPTER I

Beginning at Jerusalem

AIM: To show how Jesus challenged His followers to carry on His Father's business—"Ye shall be my witnesses . . . unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

1. Jesus began going to Jerusalem at the age of twelve.
   (1) The picturesque trip from Nazareth.
   (2) The singing of Psalms as Jerusalem is seen.
   (3) The beauty of the city "set on a hill."
   (4) The romance of celebrating the Passover.
   (5) His first inkling of wonder concerning His Father's business!

2. Jesus continued going to Jerusalem all His life, e.g.,
   (1) When He drove the money changers from the temple.
   (2) On Palm Sunday, for the last time.
   (3) The Last Supper.
   (4) When He was arrested, tried, denied by His dearest friend, sentenced to death.
   (5) Crucifixion.
   (6) After the resurrection.

3. The challenge of that last commission to all followers—to be Witnesses.

4. Aim of this study book: "*to prove how, inch by inch, and mile by mile, and country by country, they did indeed become Witnesses of the Lord Jesus until the map of our world bears the record of their exploits.*"

5. The secret of the success of such inconspicuous Witnesses: "*Power!*"

6. The earliest Witnesses.
   (1) Philip—Samaria; an unnamed African.
   (2) Peter and his vision.
   (3) Stephen, the first martyr.

7. Paul, thrillingly alive.
   (1) His hairbreadth escapes from mobs.
   (2) The beautiful nickname earned in Antioch —"Christian"!
   (3) Paul's own list of his perils.

8. How far those first eleven Witnesses carried the good news.

OUTLINE

CHAPTER II

How the News Spread

AIM: To show that history has been indeed His-Story in the winning of Europe, Ireland, and Scotland.

1. The early Christians in Rome.
   (1) Their persecution and secret worship in the Catacombs.
   (2) The magic spell of their glowing lives.
   (3) The wonder of the new religion spread.

2. The conversion of Constantine, Emperor of Rome, A.D. 312.
   (1) Its cause.
   (2) Its effect.

3. The conversion of Clovis, "Monarch of all Frankish Men," A.D. 496.
   (1) The cause.
   (2) The effect.

4. The story of what Ulfilas did for the Goths, A.D. 381.

5. The story of what Severinus did in Vienna, A.D. 482.

6. The story of Patrick from Scotland, witnessing in Ireland, A.D. 448.

7. The story of Columba, the Irishman, witnessing in Scotland, the middle of the sixth century.

OUTLINE

CHAPTER III

And Then It Reached Our Ancestors

AIM: To prove that Queen Victoria's statement that the Bible is the secret of England's greatness has historical foundations.

1. The early Britons—the "Bluebeards" of our family.
   (1) Caesar's battles with them, 55 B.C.
   (2) Other Romans fight the blue-stained savages, and lose!
   (3) The arrival of the first unknown Witnesses.
   (4) Influence of the conquering Angles, Jutes, and Saxons. E.g., the very names of the days of our week.

2. The story of Augustine's arrival in England, A.D. 597.
   (1) Why he was sent from Rome.
   (2) Queen Bertha, a Christian, descended from Clovis.
   (3) King Ethelbert and Augustine.
   (4) Christianity spreading through southern England.

3. The story of Ethelberga and Paulinus.
   (1) Queen Bertha's daughter followed her mother's example.
   (2) How Paulinus won northern England; A.D. 627.

4. The story of Caedmon and his unique way of witnessing, A.D. 664.
    (1) Hilda and the influence of her Abbey.
    (2) Caedmon discovered his gift of chanting Bible stories in poetry.

5. The story of Boniface.
    (1) Witnessing in Holland, A.D. 719.
    (2) Adventures among the pagan tribes of Germany.
    (3) The miracle of the sacred oak at Geisler.

6. The story of Ansgar.
    (1) Witnessing in Denmark, A.D. 827.
    (2) Witnessing in Sweden.

7. Summary of the beautiful necessity our ancestors felt for passing on to others the secret of their changed lives.

OUTLINE

CHAPTER IV

When Knighthood Was in Flower

AIM: To show the strange influences of the Crusades.

1. A real Pilgrim's Progress.
   (1) Why the "palmers" began going to Jerusalem.
   (2) The difficulties of their trip.
   (3) Their treatment in Jerusalem by the Moslems.

2. The significance of the word *saunter*, "a la Sante Terre."

3. The Crusades.
   (1) The cause.
   (2) The romance of knighthood during 9 crusades, from 1095 to 1291.
   (3) The Children's Crusade, 1212.
   (4) The effect of the Crusades on the Moslems.
   (5) The effect of the Crusades on Europe:
      (a) *Bad*: appalling loss of life and property, cruelty involved.
      (b) *Good:* lessons learned in regard to geography, new arts, kindlier relations between overlords and subjects.

4. Two peaceable knights.

(1) St. Francis of Assisi.

Tries love instead of force on the Moslems, 1219.

(2) Raymund Lull.

His thrilling adventures in witnessing to Moslems, who kill him in 1315.

OUTLINE

CHAPTER V

I Saw a Ship A-sailing

AIM: To show how Witnesses have changed whole continents—America, Asia, Africa—by their messages of God's love.

1. Ships a-sailing to America.
   - (1) Columbus landed in 1492.
   - (2) Cavaliers from England landed to settle Maryland, 1607.
   - (3) Pilgrims from England, 1620.
   - (4) Henrik Hudson brought the Dutch to buy New York.
   - (5) William Penn and his Quakers bought Pennsylvania.
   - (6) George Whitfield, on seven trips, rode from Georgia to Maine on horseback, "witnessing" to our great-grandparents.

2. Ships set a-sailing because of August Francke, of Denmark.
   - (1) Moravians on ships sailing north, south, east and west.
   - (2) Ziegenbalg and Plutschau in 1706, sailing to India as Danish Witnesses.
   - (3) Christian Friedrich Schwartz sailing to India.

3. William Carey, from England to India.
    (1) A cobbler in England with a map on the wall!
    (2) A Witness in India, learning 36 of India's languages!

4. Robert Morrison sailing to China.
    (1) Hindrances there.
    (2) His translation of the Bible and its influence

5. Peter Parker "Opening China at the point of a lancet."

6. Other Witnesses to China mentioned by name only.

7. Moffat and Livingstone sail from Scotland to Africa.
    (1) Superstitions and obstacles.
    (2) Accomplishments.

8. Other Witnesses to Africa listed briefly.

OUTLINE

CHAPTER VI

Going to Jerusalem

AIM: To show how islands as well as continents were proving the prophecy of Jesus—"Ye shall be my witnesses . . . even unto the uttermost parts of the earth," when, from those uttermost parts, Christians of fifty-one nationalities began going to Jerusalem at Easter, 1928, for a world conference about their common "business."

1. The curious story of Japan.
   - (1) How even a Hermit Nation, placarded with warnings, can be entered by such silent Witnesses as—
     - (a) *A Bible*, falling into the hands of Wakasa Murata!
     - (b) *A geography primer*, arousing Neesima!
   - (2) Oppositions; superstitions; triumphs of the gospel in Japan.

2. The stories of four Johns who sailed to South Sea islands.
   - (1) John Adams.
   - (2) John Coleridge Patteson.
   - (3) John Williams.
   - (4) John G. Paton.

3. Impressionistic word-pictures of other Witnesses in other islands.
    (1) James Chalmers.
    (2) James Calvert, in Fiji.
    (3) Titus Coan, in Hawaii.
    (4) The Bible, alone for 25 years, in Madagascar!
    (5) Eliza Agnew, in Ceylon.
    (6) Hans Egede, in Greenland.

4. Dare we "saunter" while going to Jerusalem?

5. Those who were actually going to Jerusalem for Easter, 1928, a fulfilment of Christ's prophecy.

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